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BACHELOR'S HALL.

FROM THE IRISH.

Bachelor's Hall! what a queer looking place it is!
Kape me from such all the days of my life;
Sure, but I think, what a burnin disgrace it is,
Never at all to be getting a wife.

See the old bachelor, gloomy and sad enough,
Placing his taykittle over the fire.
Soon it tips over—St. Patrick! he's mad enough,
(If he were present) to fight with the squire.

Now, like a hog, in a mortar bed wallowing,
(Awkward enough see him kneading his dough.)
Troth, if the bread he could ate without swallowing,
How it would favor his palate you know.

His dishcloth is missing—the pigs are devouring it:
In the pursuit he has broken his shin;
A plate wanted washing—grimalkin is scouring it;
Thunder and turf, what a pickle he's in.

Pots, dishes and pans, such greasy commodities,
Ashes and pratie skins kiver the floor;
His cupboard's a storehouse of comical oddities,
Things that had never been neighbors before.

His meal being over, the table left sitting so;
Dishes take care of yourselves if you can,
But hunger returns, then he's foaming and fretting so,
Och! let him alone for a baste of a man!

Late in the night he goes to bed shiverin',
Never a bit is the bed made at all;
He creeps like a terrapin under the kiverin',
Bad luck to the picture of Bachelor's Hall.

THE PUGILISTS AND THE FIREMAN;

OR,

NEW YORK AS IT WAS.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE AMONG THE FANCY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY JAS. C. POPE.

CHAPTER XIII.

A DARING BURGLARY—THE BANK ROBBERY—TOD SWELTER "GOES HOME"—BOB A PRISONER—THE SHOT—CLIFFORD SENTENCED TO SING SING FOR LIFE—"3860"—DICK FOXWELL AGAIN—BILL KERNAN'S STORY—HIS MANNER OF ESCAPE FROM THE RATS AND "HIS HAND" IN THE "GHOUL'S" APPREHENSION.

Upon Wrigley seeing Madame Crisp, he bade her keep out of Clifford's path, as he was bent on her destruction, and then departed for the old rendezvous with a cock-and-bull story to Bob about one thing or another, broad of the main point, and wound up with a misgiving of his ability to get Madame to listen to him.

Clifford went into a rage at once at being thus sadly disappointed, and had he known the true state of affairs, Ben's career would have suddenly terminated. Choking down his mortification, with the hope of trapping her at some time or other, he bade Wrigley prepare himself for the bank robbery.

"We commence operations to-morrow, and if successful, we can crack the bank in four weeks, by hard labor," said Bob. "You can help us to dig?"

"Sartainly," Ben replied; "an wont the bank coves look 'mazed when they find that the crossmen has been borrowin' their chink. Gum!" and Ben smacked his lips in anticipation of the rich plunder that loomed up in his vision.

The bank marked for the visitation of Bob, was situated in a side street, running across Broadway, at the lower part of the city. The *modus-operandi* adopted by Bob to break into the concern, was thus:—

Andy Black visited an old carpet weaver, doing business in a deep basement directly opposite the bank building; and under the plea that he was a large fruit seller, offered the weaver a heavy amount of money to sell out and vacate the premises in his favor. The bait took. A few barrels of apples, boxes of old oranges and lemons, etc., were piled in, for appearance sake, among which were sundry tools necessary for making a subterraneous passage under the street, to the bottom of the bank vaults. They commenced the work of excavation on the second day of their occupation of the basement, removing the dirt in orange boxes as fast as it accumulated.

Wrigley was acting in good faith with his pals in this well-planned robbery, but on the day preceding the night when the vault was to be opened, an idea struck him that he could turn the affair to a profitable account, by revealing the whole arrangement to Blake, and thus be rewarded, and risk no danger of arrest.

Blake communicated the information to Frank Clerkson, who had received the appointment of Deputy Sheriff, and the up-shot was an interview of the three men with the President and Directors of the Bank.

After revealing the whole plot to the Directors, Mark said to the President—"You must understand that it is no selfish motive that induces us to act against this man, Clifford. We are not mercenary, but desire to remove from society a contaminated being, hateful to us, and dangerous to the community. Nevertheless, we would not scruple to receive any pecuniary reward the bank may consider appropriate to the services rendered, for to be plain and frank in the matter, our means are not twofold, particularly this man's," alluding to Ben, "who, by my care and tuition, is trying to become an honest man."

The President expressed himself agreeable to furnish a reward compatible with the services done to the bank, and selecting three or four of the Directors to assist in defeating the intended "raid" upon the money vault, Blake and Frank, followed by Ben, retired to perfect their plans elsewhere.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Tod Swelter was in with Clifford on the bank lay, and supplied the means that enabled the burglars to work out their attack, while on the night of the attempt at burglary, Tod assisted physically.

"Now, Ben," said Clifford, addressing that individual, in a low, voice, as he examined his pistols, "you keep a strict watch while we are gone. Be cautious, and the swag will enrich us all."

"All hunk, Bob, my covey. Goes it square through as the regulars. My heyes, wont we be high swells though!"

"Hush! not so loud," put in Tod, who also held a pistol in his hand.

"All ready?" inquired Andy Black, who was in possession of a "donkey." Clifford looked at his watch. It was past midnight.

"Time," he said, "to open the vault."

Removing some empty barrels from the wall, a large hole was disclosed, revealing the passageway, dark and gloomy. Clifford was the first to enter, followed by Swelter and Black, leaving the "enemy," Ben, "in the rear." As the sound of their footsteps died away, Ben cautiously opened the door and admitted Blake and Clerkson, who carried each a pair of well-loaded revolvers.

"Are they off?" whisperered Blake.

"Yes," said Ben, in the same strain.

Drawing near to the aperture in the wall, the glare of a distant light struck Mark's vision. "As soon as they enter the money box," said he, "I think one of them will receive a leaden reception, for the bank people are waiting for the rascals, armed to the teeth." Retiring from the passage front, Mark told Frank to "make ready." The fireman prepared a few "darbies" and some pieces of rope, and signified himself ready for action.

"We'll bank 'em," said Ben to Frank.

"Sure as you're born," replied Clerkson; and as he spoke, the report of a pistol sounded on their ears, with a hollow echo that rang through the culvert.

"Ready," whispered Blake. "One of them is fetched sure. Ah!" and several shots were heard echoing through the passage, which were quickly responded to by several more—exchange shots. Hurried footsteps were heard approaching. It was Clifford making his escape. As he bounded into the basement, Frank upset him by hurling a barrel in front of him, and as quick as the thunderbolt's stroke, fastened on him. Bob struggled boldly to free himself, but of no avail. Frank had him at a disadvantage. Bob's revolver contained two charges that he had not fired, and managing to point the weapon, as he thought, in a direction leading to Frank's breast, he pulled the trigger, and uttering a slight cry of pain, Mark Blake staggered back against the wall, the ball having hit his temple, more than breaking the skin, carrying away in its flight a lock of hair as clean as if severed with scissors. The effect was stunning for a moment, and rallying himself, Mark exclaimed:—

"Bob Clifford, that shot would have consigned you to instant death, did I not wish to see you hanged."

Until Blake thus addressed him, Bob knew not his captors, and uttering a fearful oath, defied them to retain him.

A light was procured, and as the President of the saved bank entered the basement from the burglars' subterranean "road to riches," he saw Clifford shackled at the wrists by a pair of "bracelets."

"Wrigley, you have done this!" shouted Bob, as he set his eyes savagely on the crossman. "Why did you betray us?"

"Because I was not your friend. You made a tool of me, and abused me; besides, I am trying to become a useful member of society."

To hear such language from Ben amazed Clifford somewhat, and hissing the words through his set teeth, he said, "You'll bleed for this."

Two policemen were called in, who conveyed Bob to the station house.

On entering the vault, Mark saw the body of Tod Swelter, who was killed by one of the men set to watch the burglars. As they broke into the vault, by displacing a huge stone at the bottom, Tod and Andy crawled into the receptacle for "filthy lucre," with the lantern, intending to pass the "O! be joyful" to Bob, and as they essayed to tote off the first bag of gold, the watch opened the massive door, and popping off their pistols at random, Tod fell dead, pierced by two bullets. Bob returned the fire, his shot taking effect in the arm of one of the "surprise party." When Bob fled, Andy, true to his character, dropped on his knees, begging for mercy, and his life was spared only to become a resident of Sing-Sing for twenty years or more, from which he escaped, finding a refuge in some of the Southern States.

The attempt to rob the Cashem Bank was fully ventilated in the morning papers, Blake, Clerkson, and the reformed crossman coming in for eulogistic notices.

Clifford stood trial for burglary in the first degree, with attempt to kill, and was convicted, the judge sentencing him to State Prison, with hard labor for the term of his natural life.

Ten thousand dollars was the sum awarded to the three men for their services, and leaving them to enjoy the wages of honesty, we will seek Oliver Dalton and his bereaved sister, Mrs. Oliphant.

It was now two months since the mortal remains of Mr. Oliphant were consigned to their last resting place, and the once happy home was draped in all the dark emblems of grief and sorrow. Was it not for her inconsolable grief and a brother's undying sympathy for her, the absence of William Kernan would no doubt have been investigated with more zeal.

In a house of mourning there is but a little disposition to interfere with the outer world, until the days of lamentation expire, and out of respect for the sorrowing family, but few troubled Mrs. Oliphant or her brother.

On the same day that Bob Clifford received his sentence, Oliver Dalton received information that the lottery ticket, No. 3860, was the "winning card" for the full prize, sixty-five thousand dollars, of which five per cent. would be deducted, and the balance paid to him on demand at forty days. This was good news to Dalton, but he expected it, having possessed a sort of premonition that the real owner "was born to good luck." It was now the period to acquaint Moreton of his birth and parentage; and for that purpose do we find him visiting the various haunts that he frequented, in search of his long lost son.

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The court room was crowded. A prisoner stands confronted by a jury of his countrymen, charged with the awful crime of murder.

"What say you, foreman of the jury? Is the prisoner before you guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty."

"Guilty of what?"

"Guilty of murder."

The judge, in accordance with the verdict, pronounced the seatence of death upon the culprit, and Dick Foxwell, the "Ghoul," was led from the court to the tombs, there to suffer the extreme penalty of the law for the cold-blooded murder of Mr. Oliphant.

That evening, Oliver Dalton, surrounded by Mark Blake, Frank Clerkson, Ben Wrigley, Bill Hasty, Jim Sullivan, Mrs. Oliphant, and John Moreton, were assembled together, listening to Bill Kernan, as he related the following story:—

Commencing his narrative with the firemen's street fight, he detailed to his listeners every event already familiar to the reader up to the moment when he fell exhausted in his rat-slaying labor.

"When I returned to my seven senses," he continued, "I found myself comfortably wrapped up in linen sheets, in a bed, at the residence of Miss Salome. How I came there, was the first thought that entered my head; and it seemed like a phantasy or a dream, for the last thing I remembered was sinking to the ground, with the needle teeth of the rats meeting their points in my flesh in a thousand places. When I think of it, I shudder to the very core of my heart. Miss Salome was the first to speak to me, and assured me of the reality of what I considered a dream. I discovered my body covered with slips of adhesive healing remedies, and finding me eager to learn how I escaped from that horrid vault, she referred me to Ben, whom I will trouble to relate that portion of my adventure." All eyes were directed at Wrigley, who was dressed out like a *bona fide* gentleman, that gave him every air of polished refinement.

"After William was dropped into the vault, I remained chatting with Clifford a few moments on a matter of business, when I retired. Entering the house adjoining Bob's place, at the rear side, I made my way, with a dark lantern that I always carried about me, to the cellar which communicated with a coal hole under the sidewalk. From this place I had a large stone once removed, for my own convenience, that communicated with Clifford's vault, but so high up as not to be observed when replaced. When I removed the stone for the purpose of calling William, I received no answer, and putting the light through, I saw the poor fellow lying on the pile of sweepings, covered with the rats. The light drove them off, and getting through myself, I raised him on my shoulder, and run him through the opening in the wall, feet first, let him drop easily on the other side among the coal, then followed after. His clothes were torn in shreds, and saturated with blood. It did not take long for me to convey him to the yard, where I left him to go in search of a coach, and finding one, fortunately, at the first corner, I had him placed into it and conveyed to Miss Salome's. What happened after Lilly and myself dispatched him to Richmond, he can tell best himself."

"Why did you wish to conceal his safety from his friends?" enquired Dalton.

"It was the express desire of Miss Salome," returned Ben; "for Clifford, imagining Bill dead, we were going to play upon his fears."

"Then Clifford, at Sing Sing, is still ignorant of Bill having escaped.

"Yes, certainly."

"Then, we must visit the prison, and take William with us. Bob will think it's his ghost."

All the listeners enjoyed a laugh at such a prospect. Kernan resumed his narrative, commencing where Wrigley left off.

"Ben informed me of the murder of Mr. Oliphant, and hinted to me that there existed a relationship between Mrs. Oliphant and myself, and that I ought to proceed to Richmond and cause the arrest of the murderer, thereby astonishing friends as well as enemies. On what ground Ben judged I was related to the Oliphants, I never learned."

"I only thought so, from a remark that Blake made in my hearing."

"Taking the early morning train at Jersey City through to Richmond by way of Washington and Fredericksburgh, I arrived at Richmond at midnight, and put up at the American Hotel, on Main street. The next morning I took a walk through Main and Broad streets. I met with no evidence of Dick Foxwell's presence in that city. Returning to the hotel, I loitered around the doors for an hour or more, thinking that if he was in town, he would be sure to hang around the hotel. Wearied with disappointment, I went down to Fourteenth street, and dropped into the 'Alhambra,' a sort of a gambling and drinking saloon that had a private entrance on Main street, and the first man I met was Dick Foxwell. I had a strong desire to slay him on the spot, and had as much as I could do to control my temper. Now, that I had evidence of his being in Richmond, I strode up to Capital Square, and visited old Joe Mayo, the Mayor of the city, and informing him of the nature of my errand, he placed a warrant in the hands of an officer, who accompanied me back to the saloon where I met Dick, but he had gone. The officer was not long in discovering that Dick accompanied a party that visited Brown's Island, on the James River, directly opposite the armory at the foot of Fifth street, near the Tredegar Iron Works, to settle a dispute, in a ring that I understood remained permanently fixed on the island for such and kindred purposes. Working around the crowd, I espied Dick, and pointing him out to the officer, he was instantly arrested. He protested his innocence—that he was not the man, etc.—but it wouldn't go down; he had to travel. The island is reached by means of a flat boat, that has two uprights, fore and aft, with centre pulleys inserted at the tops, in grooves, through which slid a rope that was secured to trees on either shore. To ferry across, this line is hauled on, much the same as the ferry boat running to the old North Carolina, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Well, as we boarded the flat-boat, to return with our prisoner, Dick threatened all manner of vengeance on his traducers, as he called his enemies, and as he gained the middle of the river, which was no more than two hundred yards wide, and above navigation, in a luckless moment the officer turned away his head, when Dick, taking advantage of the opportunity, leaped overboard, as if to drown himself; but he only stuck in the mud at the bottom, and notwithstanding the gravity of all on board, not one could suppress his laughter when they saw what a ridiculous failure Dick made of it. There he stood in two feet of water and one of mud, unable to extricate himself, and as he discovered the plight he was in, he joined in the merry chorus of laughter that his position invoked. Conveying him to the Mayor's office, Governor Johnson telegraphed to the Governor of New York; a requisition was obtained, and in thirty-four hours Dick was caged in Centre street."

Well pleased with his narrative, the party broke up for the evening, to meet next day to witness Madame Cabet receive her sentence, which was suspended by the efforts of counsel.

CHAPTER XIV.

WRIGLEY'S LAST INTERVIEW WITH SALOME—HER DETERMINATION TO SLAY MADAME CABET—THE PROCURESS AND THE COURTEZAN IN THE PRISON CELL—A BLOODY AFFAIR—DEATH OF SALOME—WRIGLEY'S SAD END—CONCLUSION.

Madame Cabet, after undergoing a long trial, was convicted of an attempt at arson, and the jury having received a complete history of the woman, which acted against her, the judge gave her a residance up the river for fifteen years, which did not please Lilly Salome, who was eager for Madame's death. Waited upon by the two brothers, Lilly, as a pretext of reconciliation with her mother, promised to see her on a certain day, and even promised Mark and Oliver Dalton to prepare to visit her relative.

On the day that Madame received her sentence, Lilly sent for Wrigley, and to him she revealed her determination to execute her threat of vengeance upon Cabet.

"But she is confined in her cell," said Ben.

"Granted," exclaimed Salome, showing a poignard to Ben, "but that will not stand in the way of my dagger."

"Salome," said Ben, "you should forget past differences; Madame will be punished enough for her crimes, and her life is not worth seeking. You are young and innocent of any great crime, and now, in an hour when new found friends would rejoice in a reformation, you, goaded by an overwhelming freak of passion, would plunge to a deed that woman should never undertake. There, now, be wise; forbear in this premeditated act; you see in me an example of resolution; from the life of an unscrupulous thief, I have become a joy to myself, glorying in my manhood, that conquered my vicious and evil ways'"

"Ben, I honor you and hope that your resolution to be honest may never fail you. Your faithfulness to me caused me to admire you, but in this matter you, as all others, must respect my will. Madame Cabet dies."

"Be not a slave to this idea of revenge—this infatuation that is leading you to insanity."

"No more, Ben; I am resolved."

"When do you attempt the deed?"

"It matters not—leave me and come to-morrow."

Kissing her cherry lips, Ben withdrew, and hastened down to Bill Hasty's in quest of Blake, who was waiting there for Morton, Dalton, Kernan, and the others.

"Salome is determined to kill Cabet," said Ben, "and the sooner we rush down to the Tombs to prevent it, the better. Having to delay some time, it was an hour before they started, accompanied by Clerkson, Sullivan and the two brothers.

Lilly, when left alone, immediately robed herself, and journeyed down to the Tombs, thinking that Wrigley would frustrate her design by calling at the prison before her.

Representing herself as a friend to Madame Cabet, she was ushered to the condemned woman's cell.

"Why do you come here, Salome?" inquired Madame," is it to mock me?"

"No," thundered Lilly, "but to taunt you. Madame Cabet, you remember some years ago you sold my virtue and made me what I am. But a few days ago I heard of my mother; do you think I could meet that mother the degraded being you have made me? My form, corrupt as your own black heart, would be pollution to her eyes."

"She was no better than others, that fancied more than one man, for she ran away from her husband."

"Liar."

"You b—h, get"——. Before Cabet could finish the sentence, Lilly's dagger was buried in her bosom. Salome turned to fly, and Cabet being a strong, muscular woman, scarcely staggered from the blow, and drawing the knife from her breast, she yelled like a demon, and rushing at Lilly, who had forgotten that the cell door was locked on the outside, thrust the blood-reeking weapon into her side, and fell back with a curse on her lips; at the same instant the door was flung open, and seeing Mark Blake standing before her, surrounded by the anxious faces of the brothers, a sigh escaped Lilly, and she fell dead into the arms of Blake, who exclaimed, "How precious is a moment of time!"

The two brothers wept, and Wrigley turned away to hide the painful emotions that pervaded his bosom, while Clerkson entered the cell with the keeper to raise the body of Cabet.

There needs but little to be added to our story. Lilly was consigned to the City of the Dead, at Greenwood, with a beautiful marble slab erected to her memory. Her death changed Ben Wrigley to his old habits, but he never ceased to remember the girl whose love and life would have kept him in the right path, and every spring time he visited her grave and planted a rose as a token of his undying esteem. Down, down to the depths of squallidness and crime did he descend, made more terrible by dissipation, but never once did he forget to plant the rose during his unhallowed career. One fine spring morning, his body was found stretched over Lilly's grave, and in his hand a beautiful rose. The poor fellow died a victim to grief and intemperance. Such is life. Mark Blake and Jim Sullivan, soon after Lilly's death, visited San Francisco and the islands of the Pacific. As to Jim's fate, the reader will recollect when his mind reverts to the transactions of the San Francisco Vigilance Committee. Blake is still living, and with money furnished him by Mr. Dalton, organized a joint stock company in the mining districts of California, and is prospering.

Jack Moreton and William Kernan are residents of Boston, and retired from public life, settled in peace and plenty, with wives and responsibilities, but Mr. Dalton and his sister, Mrs. Oliphant, are both dead, their bones resting in Mount Auburn, near Cambridge. Bob Clifford served the State but a few years, when death put an end to all worldly imprisonment, and he died, puzzled to the last as to how Bill Kernan escaped death from the rats, as the story never was revealed to him.

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One day, when the First Regiment of Fire Zouaves were quartered at Cloud's Mills, in the vicinity of Alexandria, Va., the following colloquy took place between a subordinate officer and the late Colonel Farnham, who was successor in command of the Zoo-zoos to the gallant Ellsworth, the first martyr of the rebellion.

"Lieutenant, some of those rebel racsals that take the oath, are the first to be caught firing on our pickets."

"Yes, and the color-sergeant, who brought in four rebels, twice over, said this morning he'd bring in no more alive."

As the officer spoke, the color-sergeant appeared before the colonel, bearing the dead body of a rebel soldier, and throwing it at the commandant's feet, exclaimed: "Give him the oath, Farnham." Turning over the body, the sergeant started back in surprise; he recognized the face. Looking at the two officers, he smiled and said: "The last time I had a quarrel with this 'ere feller, I told him if I'd ever catch him fighting against our folks in New York, I'd kill him sure, and I've kept my word, though I didn't know it was Andy Black that was drawing a bead on Denny Horrigan, when I popped him off." The sergeant was Frank Clerkson, who was a bosom friend of Ellsworth's. The Regiment is now disbanded, and Frank "still lives." Our story is told.

THE END.

JABBER AND STABBER.

A PRISON DIALOGUE.

JABBER—Well, Stabber, how do you find yourself this morning?

STABBER—Right as a trivet, thank your reverence. I've read all the trac and the im book, and I feel like a haltered man.

JABBER—Blessed tidings! Now tell me, if you obtain your liberty, may a confiding Government rely on your word as a man of honor that you will henceforth lead an honest life?

STABBER—It may, your reverence; if I don't, may I never be believed again, and I wish I may—

JABBER—There, there, no swearing; but you know, my friend, that you have been transported for life three times already, and—

STABBER (*weeping*)—I know that, your reverence, but I never had a proper chapling to talk to me till now, worse luck!

JABBER—Well, well, don't cry so, and we'll see what can be done for you; I must see Sir George Grey on the subject.

STABBER (*sobbing*)—How is Sir George Grey, sir?

JABBER—He is quite well, Stabber, and I'm sure that he will be pleased when I tell him you were kind enough to inquire after his health.

STABBER—Thankee, sir; and please tell him, as a proof that I mean right, if he will give me a situation in his office in Downing street, I am ready to take it, and I can't say fairer than that.

JABBER—Very well, I'll report what you say; I must now leave you. Is there anything you want?

STABBER—No, thankee, sir; I've more grub than I can well peck; I'm as full as a butt. What I wants most now is food for the mind; so, if you please, I should like a few dozen more trax and some more im books.

JABBER—You shall have them. Good bye, my friend.

STABBER—Good day, sir; Heaven bless you! (*Exit Jabber.*)

STABBER—(*dances about the cell and sings*)—

"Nix, my dolly pals, fake away!
Nix, my dolly pals, fake away!" (*Scene closes.*)

MY TICKET NIGHT.

"A PLAIN, UNVARNISHED STORY."

I relate an incident of thirty years ago. I was a poor actor, a rogue and vagabond, according to an old law, but an honest man, and a true Christian in the light of Heaven, for I paid my way, strove to do my duty, injured no one, and gave my mite to the starving. The Profession did not flourish then as it does now; the leaders were well paid, but the poor, plodding player was often put to extremity such as the actors of modern days would never dream of. There were times when I found it a difficult matter to exist. My salary, when engaged, was small, and I never had a benefit, only with two or three of my fellow players having what is termed a ticket night—that was, selling as many tickets as we could, receiving half the money, while the manager retained the other half. I was playing at two theatres under one manager in a midland county; business did not pay to keep them open every night, so we played on alternate evenings, three times a week. We had a tolerable season of a couple of months, and were about closing. I was going to have a ticket night all to myself for the first time at the establishment for the Drama at Meagreton, for I calculated upon the landlord of the inn where I lodged doing me a good turn by disposing of my tickets among his customers, who were not a few. It was near Christmas time. The weather was fine, cold, dry, and cheerful, as I took my seat inside the coach which conveyed me from one scene of my labors to the other. Frequently I had the inside of the old coach to myself, sometimes it was full, but upon this occasion I found a lady was to be my companion. This was pleasanter than being alone during my journey, and more agreeable than a crowded vehicle. The distance was but twenty miles, but the crazy old vehicle lumbered along but slowly, and the time would sometimes seem rather dreary.

This journey seemed more promising, for my solitary companion was sociable and agreeable, and as we progressed, I had ample time to make her acquaintance. She appeared about six or eight and twenty, pleasing and interesting, though not exactly handsome, if that term is applied to a showy and startling appearance. She was attired in a simple manner, wearing a grey cloth pelisse, a black beaver bonnet, and secreting her hands in the prettiest little muff I ever beheld. When one had noticed her, it seemed the most natural thing in the world to look upon her again, and when once she had spoken, there was that melody in her voice, and heart in her words, which made one feel a desire to hear her speak again. It was evident that she was not a sort of woman to be met with every day, and my journey promised to be the most agreeable part of my life I had yet encountered. We were soon so friendly and chatty that the first five miles passed in no time. When we stopped to change horses, I had the pleasure of handing her refreshment, and on renewing our journey, she produced a small sketch-book, and drew the outlines of some of the fine old trees which we passed on the road. This, with the simplicity of her attire, induced me to believe she was a governess, and the idea was confirmed when I found that her destination was to the gentry of Meagreton. This invested her with an additional interest in my mind, for, though a governess was considered a very superior personage in those days to her position at the present time, yet I always thought her calling a trying one, and felt great sympathy for her condition. I was at this time nearly forty years of age, but I was tall, dark, and tolerably handsome—as I have since been told. I believe my manner was slightly prepossessing, and my conversation sprinkled with intelligence. Men are quite as anxious about their appearance and style as women, if they did but know it, or would candidly own to it; and I am sure that I felt extremely anxious to shine out to the best advantage during that *tete-a-tete* journey to Meagreton.

The distance had never before seemed so short; I had not hitherto observed such fine trees by the wayside as were now being sketched by the soft-gloved hands opposite to me. They were not kid or silk gloves, but simple Lisle cotton—I believe that is the term—so I felt assured she was a governess. I had never in my life before felt such an earnest desire to become "Benedick, the Married Man," but then I had not till now met with a Beatrice. I know not how it was that I told her of my calling so candidly, that I ascertained so readily from her that her hand and heart were free; but she admired the profession to which I belonged—she did not turn a deaf ear to my suit, or frown down my admiration. I must have been very presumptuous or very desperate, for ere we reached that happy journey's end, I had held one of those lavender Lisle-gloved hands within my own; I had sought to win a wife whom it seemed presumptuous to hope to appropriate, and I had gained a partial assent to a consideration of my suit. When we alighted at our destination, I think I was the happiest man in the world! As I assisted her from the coach, I found an elderly female domestic awaiting her arrival, with whom she speedily departed, leaving me with the assurance that I should shortly hear from her, and in a bewildered but joyous state of mind. When I reached my lodging, and tried by reflection to calm my agitation, I began to think I had been very imprudent and precipitate. Here was I, a poor player, almost depending on my forthcoming ticket night to defray my bill at my inn, trying to lure into matrimony a poor governess. My better nature revolted from the cruelty of the step, and I tried to resolve to release her from her promise, and to subdue my love. I also felt humiliated when I thought of my beggarly ticket night, and how abject a being those distributed colored bills would render me in her sight. But I was not allowed too much leisure for reflection. My duties called me to the barnlike edifice which was called the theatre, and to rehearse the heavy business, which, as leading man, fell to my share. My landlord's exertions failed to extend the sale of my tickets beyond a few dozen, and my ticket night promised to be anything but a bumper. Meanwhile a week elapsed, and I failed to see or hear anything of my hoped-for bride.

Christmas arrived, and its eve found me with a heavy heart. This was my ticket-night, and my tickets were nearly all on my hands, while my heart pined to hear from that charming governess, when suddenly, as I was neglecting my solitary cup of tea, my landlord burst into my room and abruptly demanded every ticket I could produce, telling me there was a rustic below sent to purchase all my tickets. Here was an unexpected patronage. Strange things occur during a player's pilgrimage, so I was not so much surprised as mine host. But I was very much elated, and took my way to the playhouse with a lighter heart. The bill of fare for my ticket-night was The Iron Chest, and a portion of Valentine and Orson, which was to be our Christmas piece. I dressed for Sir Edward Mortimer, and hastened to the stage. An unusual sound greeted mine ears. It was a noise so unusual that I knew it not—it was the murmur of a full house. I reconnoitred through the hole in the curtain. The barn was crowded for my ticket-night. I was dismayed; some kind hand had been in this, and my thoughts eagerly turned upon my poor governess. At first I was surprised, but how I enacted Sir Edward Mortimer I never knew, for in the only spot that could be honored by the title of box, I beheld my inamorata seated in company with a few of the gentry of Meagreton. I kept to the business of the scene as calmly as I could till the end of the play, in which I was gratuitously assisted by the cheering plaudits of my rustic auditory. When it ended, and my labors ceased on the mimic stage, I hastened to seek a few words with our manager in private. To my dismay I learned from him that my poor governess was the Squire's widow, and the Lady of Meagreton Manor, and she it was who had so generously purchased all my tickets and filled the Barn Theatre to overflowing. Yet another surprise awaited me, in the form of a cordial and affectionate letter, inclosing notes to the tune of fifty pounds, and a peremptory invitation to transfer myself and our little company to Meagreton Manor the next day, to pass a Merrie Christmas; and this epistle was signed Mabel Meagreton. *My* Mabel! *My* Wife! I sank down, overcome with agitation as I read this letter, and considered its generosity. I resolved to be magnanimous. What, I! a poor player, of a pound per week and a ticket-night, aspire to the hand of a Squire's lady? Never! Ah! banish the presumptuous thought! I would accept the kind invitation, though, on account of my fellow laborers, and then I resolved to set Mabel free from her engagement and to relinquish all claim to her hand. So we all went to the Old Manor House on Christmas Day, and passed as merry a holiday as the heart of man could desire, and it was very strange, but my affianced would not accept her release. We were married ere Christmas time was past, and became one of the happiest couples in the world. I quitted the stage when I became the master of Meagreton Manor. We are old folks now, but as sure as Christmas comes round, we chat about the Old Coach Journey and my Ticket Night!

THE LION TAMER.—During the exhibition of a menagerie recently in Liverpool, occurred an instance of pluck on the part of a tamer of beasts which is well worthy of mention. A man was passing near the cage of lions, from which one shutter had been removed for purposes of ventilation, when a lioness seized the unfortunate fellow by the arm, and began to drag him toward her jaws; his shrieks, which threw all the audience into terror, called the chief performer with the beasts to his aid, and by the greatest exertions he was rescued, though with an arm so lacerated that amputation was necessary. The lion-tamer at once ordered the cage to be wheeled into the circus—the creatures maddened as they were by the sight and taste of blood—and boldly entered the den, chastising the erring lioness, and going through his usual routine of performances, thus re-assuring all the spectators, and completing his dominion over the beasts.

A SOCKDOLAGER.—A row occurred in the stalls of the Varieties Theatre, Paris, one evening last month. "M. L——, a literateur of a quick turn, had to wade through a sea of crinoline. Some men pretend they don't like it; ladies do not; and a certain lady of the lorette tribe was highly incensed at M. L——, who got entangled in the mysteries beneath the splendid silk dress. The lady turned fiercely upon the poor man, and exclaimed, 'At least, sir, you need not stand there without recognition of awkwardness. You might at least bow your regret.' 'Madam, impossible,' replied the witty author, wading on knee deep; 'the people might fancy I knew you!'"

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1863.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HARRY CLAY, Philadelphia.—"The following questions have been left by mutual agreement for the CLIPPER to settle:—In 1844, the Menagerie of Raymond, Weeks & Co., exhibited in this city. They had four elephants, viz:, Hannibal, Columbus, Tippoo Sultan, and Virginius. In a descriptive pamphlet, the mammoth elephant, Tippoo Sultan, is spoken of as being introduced with the 'Howdah,' and an anecdote is related of him (in 1825) rescuing his keeper, Mr. Joseph Martin, from a tiger that had broken loose. In Van Amburgh's descriptive pamphlet for 1862, the same anecdote is related, but 'Hannibal' is made the hero. Which is the one? 2. What has become of the mammoth Tippoo Sultan? 3. When was Tippoo Saib (or Sultan, a small performing elephant) with Van A. & Co., brought to this country? 4. Columbus is dead. Virginius (and his mate Pizarro) were drowned in the Delaware in 1847. Which was the largest and finest elephant ever exhibited, and how does 'Hannibal' compare?".....1. Tippoo Sultan. 2. He died in Venezuela, about forty miles from Carraccas, previous to 1844—consequently, he could not have been in Philadelphia in that year, no matter what the bills may state. Pizarro was probably one of that quartette. 3. Tippoo Saib, the performing elephant, is not by any means a small elephant now. He was imported from India ten or fifteen years ago. 4. Hannibal is the tallest and finest appearing elephant ever seen in this country. Old Romeo, owned by June, Titus, Angevine & Co., was probably the heavier of the two.

LOADED BEEF.—"I have something for you to decide:—'Sandwiches' lays ten bottles of soda on a table, and bets me that I can't drink the contents of said bottles. I cover his bet; and, during the task, 'Pudding,' the stakeholder, accidentally knocks two of the bottles off the table, which break, therefore 'Sandwiches' claims the bet, as he says I only drank eight bottles, and the bet was to drink ten. His only reason for claiming the bet is, (or at least he says so), that he gave the bottles to me when the bet was made; therefore, I was accountable for them. Can he claim the bet, or is it fair for us to try it over again? 'Pudding' can't make a decision; therefore, we leave it to you.".....There must be a fresh trial. It was the duty of "Sandwiches" to see that the bottles and contents were preserved intact until they reached the hands of "Loaded Beef." "Pudding" had better be kept away from the table next time to prevent accident.

A READER.—The old Mount Pitt Circus was located in the neighborhood of what is now Sherriff and Grand streets. It was destroyed by fire in August, 1829. 2. Mr. Forrest and Miss Josephine Clifton played together at the Chatham Theatre during the Management of Mr. Charles R. Thorne. 3. Hyer was seconded by J. Somerindyke and A. Reynolds, and McCluskey by Sullivan and Ketchum.

JOB JENKINS, Baltimore.—"1. A, B, C and D are playing Euchre, the two former partners against the two latter. A deals; all pass, when A picks up the trump and says he will play alone. C and D make three tricks. How many points do they score? 2. How many would A count had he taken five tricks?".....1. C and D score two points for the euchre. 2. Being a lone hand, he would score four points.

LITTLE AL.—Either you have mis-stated the question, or it is very simple, being without pith or point. Eight cakes at 80 cents, would be ten cents for each cake, so that if he that put in five cakes gets fifty cents, and the three cake subscriber gets thirty cents, we "calkerlate" that each will have his fair share, and nothing to fight about.

JOHN MOORE.—PACKAGE.—We have received a package from San Francisco, California, bearing the address, "John Moore, Burton's Theatre, New York." As Burton's Theatre is no longer in existence, we have been unable to trace up "John Moore." The package contains a number of Daguerreotype likenesses, we are informed by the gentleman who brought the package to us.

R. S. D.—In playing a game at Forty-fives, with hearts trumps, and a small heart led, am I obliged to play the ace of hearts on it if I have no other trump?.....No. You can withhold the ace of hearts from any lead, except the knave and five of trumps *at all times*.

TOM, Philadelphia.—The Tipton Slasher and Bendigo never fought together in the P. R. Bendy's principle battles were with Young Langan, Brassy, Bill Looney, Deaf Burke, Tom Paddock, and three times with Ben Caunt. He also fought nine other men, the particulars of which are not recorded.

JOHN A. H., Dillsboro.—The seven wonders of the world are Diana's temple at Ephesus; the Olympian Jupiter; the pyramids of Egypt; the walls and hanging gardens of Babylon; and the Mausoleum and Colossus of Rhodes.

J. P. N., Columbus, O.—Hyer fought and beat Yankee Sullivan some years before the last named fought Morrissey. Hyer and Sullivan's battle took place Feb. 7, 1849, 16 rounds, 17 minutes; that of Morrissey and Sullivan, on the 12th of October, 1853.

NASTY BOY, Peekskill.—We are not aware that Badger Higgins is dead, nor do we believe it. About five months ago a person calling himself Badger Higgins was in London, Eng., and had an exhibition there.

BOSTON.—Although dated the 3d, your letter did not reach us until the 6th, the postmark being Jan. 5. As we go to press on Monday evenings, the items were useless to us on Tuesday. Thank you all the same, however.

CONSTANT READER, Brooklyn.—1. From what we can understand, Mrs. Matt. Peel's Minstrels have collapsed. 2. You will hear of the performer referred to by inquiring at the hall of Hooley's Minstrels.

J. B. M., Providence.—Dick & Fitzgerald, 18 Ann street, are the publishers of a book which will probably assist you. Drop them a line.

SCROGGINS, Hamilton.—In a handicap, the dogs are rated at rats for pounds; say, a ten pounder to kill ten rats; a thirty pounder, thirty rats, etc.

P. G., Cincinnati.—1. Heenan only fought once in England. 2. A fight for the championship of England must be fought in England.

ALLABOUTS, Cincinnati.—Somehow letters from your city seem to be late in reaching us. We want fresh news. Your last was one day too late for last week's paper.

P. R., Binghampton.—"In rolling a game of ten-pins of ten frames, three hundred, do you roll three balls in the first frame or in the last?".....In both.

JOHN SMITH, Baltimore.—The story is good, but the plot is so "infernal deep" and thrillingly intricate, that we have not yet been able to get at the drift of it. Its a good thing, though.

TOM C., Co. I, 34th Reg't Mass. Vols.—It was McCoy that got killed in his fight with Chris Lilly. Chris is also dead, but he was brutally murdered.

J. T. B.—It will be the most proper course to apply to some manager, in person; so that he can see what you are made of.

G. H.—1. We do not know whether he is here or not. 2. Pencillings, by the way, will be acceptable.

J. H. M., Fort Ellsworth, Alexandria, Va.—Cannot locate him at present. Have sent the CLIPPERS.

P. P., Philadelphia.—Mr. J., we believe, is in Europe; we do not think the others are living.

F. B. Q., Alexandria, Va.—Look over our advertisements, and address some of the managers named therein.

COL. LUM SMITH.—Thank you. We will "post" it in our album.

JOHN WARD, Pittsburgh.—Will make further inquiry, and give you the facts in our next.

J. L., Binghampton.—We cannot say, having destroyed the letter.

X., Philadelphia.—We have lost track of her. Will make a note of her stopping place as soon as we hear from her.

CLIPPER BOY.—We don't know who is the best accordeon teacher in this city.

GUS SHAW, Steubenville.—Send a letter, and we will deliver it to some good theatrical and minstrel wig maker.

BALCONY, Philad'a.—We are inclined to think that Miss T., is the eldest.

W. C., Philadelphia.—B is correct, no card having been played on B's ace.

STUDENT, Philadelphia.—F. A. Brady, 24 Ann street, publishes the book you want.

ALBANY.—"Uncle Tom's Cabin" had a run at the National, in this city, of about one year.

BULL RUN.—We took no part in their quarrel, but let them fight it out among themselves. We presume the end is not yet.

STANWOOD, Cincinnati.—Your's reached us too late to be of interest. We go to press on Monday evening.

L. M., Detroit.—That Richmond letter never came to hand. How did you manage to get away from there?

W. C. L., Springfield, Mass.—Thank you. Shall be glad to hear from you.

TOM WARD.—Will look it over, and, if admisible, give it room.

J. J. H.—Perhaps it was not received. Try him again.

J. R., Philadelphia.—We exchange with them.

D. G. W.—"Them's the sort."

"THE SITUATION."—This is what we call it when we talk about the position of our army in Virginia. Well, after all the fuss made by the radicals about a vigorous prosecution of the war under Burnside, where do we stand? Why, just about where the rebels wish us to be. They have us at a dead lock at Falmouth, and the feather bed Generals at Washington seem very willing that things should remain as they are. A sad plight they have got themselves into since they removed Gen. McClellan, who is still the most popular man in the country. Burnside is anxious to be released from the command of the army, his experiment having cost us many valuable lives, without the slightest advantage being gained by our side. If President Lincoln wishes to reinstate himself in the confidence of the army and the people at large, let him recall Gen. McClellan ere it be too late.

A CANARD has been going the rounds in reference to the use of improper language by John C. Heenan to a toll-gate keeper in England. We say it is a canard, because we believe it to be so, from the fact that the paragraph winds up by saying that John jumped out of his vehicle to pick up three pence, or six cents, from the mud. Does anybody who knows the Boy suppose he would take that trouble for the money? We don't. He wouldn't for "more too." Should it be true, the Boy is not the gentleman we have all along considered him.

CALEDONIAN CLUB.—We acknowledge the receipt of a card of invitation to attend the sixth Annual Ball of the New York Caledonian Club, which is appointed to come off at the Apollo Rooms, Broadway, on Thursday evening, January 15th. The balls given by this club are among the best we ever attended.

BALL CLUB BALL.—The Eckford base ball club will give an Invitation Hop on the 26th inst., at Union Hall, Brooklyn, E. D.

ANOTHER INTERNATIONAL PUGILISTIC ENCOUNTER,

BETWEEN

JEM MACE AND AN AMERICAN UNKNOWN.

HEENAN NOT THE MAN.

WILL "GREAT EXPECTATIONS" BE REALISED?

MACE vs. GOSS.

From England we have the rumor, almost amounting to a positive statement, that the next fight for the Championship will be between Mace and an American Unknown. As a matter of course, public curiosity in England, as well as here, has been all agog to know who the Unknown is, and the day for signing articles, Dec. 26, was looked forward to with feverish anxiety, and many a pug. ate less beef and drank more beer on Xmas day in G. B. because of his curiosity to find out the great secret. Well, the day came, articles were signed, more spons. planked, and would you believe it, they didn't christen the Unknown after all, and that American ship carpenter, or whoever he is, in the vernacular of slow Sussex, "'ant got no naum yet." It is not Heenan, that all agree in saying. The *Sporting Life* says *it may be an American; Bell's Life* says *he is;* or, what is the same thing, "it is not Heenan, but *a countryman of that renowned boxer;*" but winds up with the freezing statement:—"Curiosity will have to be restrained for three months from Tuesday, Dec. 30, at which time the hero is to be named." Cruel *Bell*, to toll such a knell as that, when you know what hope deferred does. Worse than this, however, not a few in pugilistic circles believe the Unknown to be a "dummy" gotten up by Mace's friends to save him, as Tom Sayers once did. Not a very brave policy, if it is so. About all we can get out of the very bare facts, is, that the Unknown is yet publicly unknown in England as well as here. Nevertheless, unscrupulous individuals, and one horse sheets, may, for the sake of appearing wise, say they know, and go so far even as to name the man; if they do, our readers will act wisely by not betting on any such statement. The CLIPPER will give all the facts just as soon as developed; so treat all premature announcements with the greatest reserve. We would give the articles of agreement of the above match, as well as of Mace vs Goss, *verbatim*, but as the advices were received on the same day as we go to press, and as we had already a surplus cargo, we reserve them until next week, giving but brief particulars here. A Mr. Bernard, who represents the Unknown, and Jack Hicks and Harry Montague for Mace, met at the appointed place on Dec. 26, drew up articles, signed them for the fight to take place in six months from Dec. 23, and staked an additional £5, making £25 a side now down. The next deposit of the same amount was to be made at Mace's, on Jan. 6, 1863. The naming of the referee is in the same hands as it was in the Heenan vs Sayers match.

MACE and Goss are matched to fight at 10st 10lb, in nine months from Dec. 30, Mace staking £600 to £400. £15 to £10 is now down. So, so; Mr. Mace had to toe the mark after all, eh? Mace's science vs Goss's gluttony—which will win? That's the question. Articles of agreement *verbatim*, and all further particulars that may come to hand, will be given in our next.

SKATING.

The severe weather we had early in December led many to expect a very fine season for the enjoyment of skating; but the changes that have occurred since have been such as to disappoint the hopes of thousands who had anticipated gay times on the ice this winter, in the shape of carnivals and gala entertainments of like character. First we have a cold spell, and the several ponds are no sooner covered with a good surface of ice, than before it can become thick enough to bear the crowds that are ready to flock on it, mild weather sets in, and away goes the ice like ice-cream before a ball-room crowd. Anon it appears again, and hundreds beset the skating ponds to watch the gradual formation of the glittering field of ice on which they hope to flourish, when once more does the wind change, and a thaw and a rain storm destroys their hopes and the ice at the same time. In fact, many begin to think that we shall have no skating at all this season; but we shall, and plenty of it too, before the Ides of March put a stop to all kinds of winter sports.

Last week we had a cold spell for three days, and on Thursday the proprietors of the Fifth Avenue pond opened its gates to their subscribers, and on that and the day following, a glorious time was had on the fine surface of ice that covered this extensive pond. At least five or six hundred persons must have been on it at one time, and towards the afternoon of Thursday it began to yield to the pressure, but no break occurred as there did the same day on the Beekman pond, which gave way in the centre, precipitating about fifteen or twenty persons into the pond. Fortunately, however, there was no one drowned.

On the following day the Fifth Avenue pond was in good order, the frost of Thursday night having strengthened it very much, and the result was that it was thronged from morn till night by the fashionables who hold season tickets to this upper-ten locality.

In Brooklyn, there was no skating on any of the ponds on Thursday, strange to say; but on Friday the Nassau and Washington were opened to their patrons, but neither the Union nor Capitolum had their flags up, and no skating was allowed, although some of the Sunday papers said there was.

On Friday, gala times were had over in Jersey on Sylvan Lake and Lake Lincoln, but Saturday's rain put a damper on all the ponds.

As an illustration of the backwardness of the season, as far as skating is concerned, we have merely to state that the first day's skating of the season has yet to be enjoyed on any of the Central Park ponds.

FOREIGN ITEMS IN BRIEF.

RING.—George Fletcher and young Short fought near Sheffield on Dec. 26, for £20, the former winning in 35 rounds and 64min.....Hobin and Murphy fought near Liverpool on Dec. 23. Hobin staking £12 to £10. After a desperate fight of 143 rounds, occupying 178min. it ended in a draw.....J. Hacking and J. Jenkins fought at same time and place as the foregoing, for £10 a side. After 11 rounds a draw was agreed to for the present, owing to darkness.....Dan McNulty, one of the old-school boxers and an opponent of Jemmy Massey, died at 4 A. M., Dec. 25.....Almey and Thompson were to have fought near Leicester on Dec. 23, but the former was arrested. His opponents declare it was at Almey's own instigation.

PEDESTRIANISM.—E. Mills and Deerfoot ran a six mile race at Hackney Wick on Dec. 26, for £50 and the champion's belt. Mills won by 100 yards, easily, in 30min. 32sec. They run a one hour race on Jan. 12. Particulars next week.

TEN PINS.—WASHINGTON AGAINST NEW YORK.—On Wednesday, the 14th, there's to be a grand match at ten pins, at McGhee's Bowling Alley, East street, between 12th and 13th, Washington, D. C., in which Pete Gallagher, the New York boy, of the St. Nicholas Rooms, 535 Broadway, is to play the crack bowler of the capital (whose name we couldn't learn), for $200. "Columbia Pete" was to have started for Washington on Monday morning. We expect to have all the particulars in time for our next issue.

BILLIARDS.

BILLIARDS.—Amateurs at billiards will find ten first class Phelan Tables at the corner of Twenty-ninth street and Broadway. The room is pleasant and well arranged, and is under the personal supervision of the Proprietor, THOMAS T. STONE, well known as one of the oldest and best billiard players in the country, who will be pleased to receive a visit from his friends, both old and new.

N. B.—Orders received for anything in connection with the trade. 37-4t*

CANN AND DEERY.—That sort of a side hint that we threw out last week about Cann and Deery, appears to be "culminating to a caput;" and it is only for Cann to nod his head in the affirmative to Deery's question of can you one ($250) Can? and the thing's did. See what "little Deery," as the g'hals call him, says in his card affixed:—

"John Deery will play George Cann a match at billiards for $250 a side, $50 forfeit. The game to be the French three ball carom game, 100 points up, on a Phelan pocket or carom table. The match can be made any time during the present month at C. O'Connor's rooms, Union Square."

BILLIARDS.—TIEMAN AND MYERS.—A match for $500, between Phil. Tieman, of Cincinnati, and Sam. Myers, of Memphis, took place in the former city on Dec. 31, Tieman playing 750 points to Myers' 500. Phil. won by 427; he also made the highest run, viz: 203. Myers' highest run was 123. At one time the latter had his balls in such a position that nearly all present thought he would win, but one stroke too hard lost him his chance. He was too sure of the game, and played too fast.

KAVANAGH VS. GOLDTHWAITE.—From an authentic source, we learn that Goldthwaite would have no objection to cross cues with Dudley Kavanagh for $500 a side at the American four ball carom game. How is it Dudley? Will you go him just once for "a flyer?" The boys are "spilling for sport." Yes, do you say? All right then, "chalk up" and "string for lead." The "mopusses" can be dropped on, we believe, somewhere between Courtland and Fourteenth streets, or else we are a know nothing.

THE RING.

WM. CLARKE'S SALOON—THE GEM—Corner of Houston and Crosby streets, New York. This establishment may truthfully be termed the Sportsman's Gallery of Art, as there is to be found the most extensive collection of the kind in the city, including pictures representing the most important sporting events, and the portraits of most of the eminent sportsmen in their several pursuits. Visit the Sporting Picture Gallery, to which some valuable additions have recently been made, by all means. 3-tf

THE ORIENTAL, No. 116 Bowery, between Grand and Hester streets, New York. The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and acquaintances, that he has taken the above house, which he opened on Monday evening, June 9th, 1862. The Bar will be supplied with the choicest Wines, Liquors, and Segars. The Proprietor will do everything in his power to promote comfort. 10-tf JOHN ROCHE.

THE DEER'S HEAD.—JACK BATH'S house, No. 25 Houston, near Crosby street, is the stopping place of all who love "good cheer and good beer," sparkling liquors and prime Havanas. His portrait gallery has everybody worth seeing on exhibition, and Jack delights in explaining them. Fun and frolic the order, day and night.

"WE STILL LIVE."—HARRY HILL'S Saloon, on Houston street, enjoys the popular patronage to an unparalleled degree. The truth is, Harry is a capital fellow, and a most *recherche* caterer, and hence his almost unprecedented popularity. We advise all who desire to spend a social and delightful evening to visit his admirably conducted Restaurant and Saloon. 36-3m*

THE ST. NICHOLAS BOWLING ROOM, No. 535 Broadway, (under the Prescott House,) is the only perfect TEN PIN SALOON in New York. The Manager for thirteen years had charge of the Bowling Room at the Astor House. Wines, Liquors, and Cigars of the best quality. 40-tf PETE GALLAGHER, Proprietor.

FLASH IN THE PAN!

THE KERRIGAN AND ELLIOTT IMBROGLIO.

NO FIGHT.

Our city was all alive with excitement at the prospect of a battle royal between Dan Kerrigan, for New York, and Jemmy Elliott, of Boston. It had been talked about for several days before it was to have taken place, and every body got worked up to such a state of excitement, with their arguments *pro* and *con*, that we thought there'd be the devil to pay in the sporting ranches. First one would get a telegram that it had come off, and another that it hadn't, and so on all day Friday and Saturday, and many's the dollar lost and won by over excited individuals who imagined they *knew* thus and so, backing up their assertions by putting up money on them. We don't know but this sort of thing wasn't all arranged beforehand just to create a hullabuloo, and those betting on a sure thing feathered their nests at a great rate.

We pronounced it all a hoax, and cautioned the boys against speculating too freely. With characteristic reliability (in a horn) our gouty neighbors, the *Sunday Appropriator*, "at a great expense," were enabled to give a glowing description of "the fight" that didn't come off, and thought they had a big thing in heading off the CLIPPER. Where are you *now*, Mr. Mercularium, and how's your poor feet?

To give the whole matter in a nutshell, we may say that the pugs met on Friday at 12 M., at a well-known hall in the National Theatre buildings, Boston, and arranged to charge $5 a head for admission. There was such an "ungodly North street crowd," however, at the back of the New York man, that Young Longfellow didn't feel inclined to make a start, and the police getting wind of it, they had to "cut it." They met again at the same place in the evening, only to meet with the same disappointments, for the police again assembled around the hall, and they had to give up all ideas of getting it off in a room. So the matter rests at present.

It was a great disappointment to the fancy of New York, who mustered strong to see their man, little Danny, through. Kit Burns, Roche, Monaghan, McCarty, Churchill, Dan's brothers, Morris, Drumgoole, and a dozen or so more, went on in expectation of a gallant battle.

ANOTHER "CLIPPER SHADES."—If anything were required to convince outsiders as to how the CLIPPER'S reputation stands all over the world, we have simply to note the hundreds of saloons, restaurants, etc., named after our well-manned, trim-built, and heavy laden little vessel. You can scarcely go in any city of the Union without stumbling over some place named out of respect to us and ours—certainly in no metropolis this side the Rappahannock. Time was—and but a few years ago—when what is now the very hot-bed of secession, used to boast of their showy and attractive bars, to which the CLIPPER stood godfather. Would that happy time were with us once more! We have at different times enumerated our offspring, from London to California, and expect soon to hear of some enterprising young sport starting a CLIPPER Shades in the Sandwich Islands. It's a lucky name, indeed, in which "there is no such word as fail." Can anybody think of a single instance where a newspaper has been thus flattered and idolized as the NEW YORK CLIPPER? Nary time. Well, then, such being the case, we will now tell where the last CLIPPER Shades is, and who keeps it. It is located in that well-populated thoroughfare known as East Broadway, Number Forty, and is kept by the Brothers Hollywood, as clever a pair of sports as the east side can boast of. Dick Hollywood, the little sparrer and fighting man, it will be remembered, tended bar for Alderman Pete Gallagher, of the St. Nicholas Bowling Alleys, Broadway and Spring street, until the past few weeks, when he saw an opening for a start in life, and seized it, leaving no ill-feeling behind. Pete has now the youngest of Mr. Clark's brothers bearing a hand, and thus the sporters all work together for one another's good. Here's an example for the bickering trades-people and sugar-wetting, coffee-mixing hypocrites, whose interior is full of corruption, while their outside platter is licked like the driven snow. Let this point a moral, if it doesn't adorn a tale.

DISTINGUISHED ARRIVAL.—KIT BURNS GOT BACK.—The steamer which arrived in port the last day of the old year, brought over no less a personage than the "Redoubtable Kit," of the Fourth Ward Invincibles. This makes Brockey's third transatlantic voyage since the battle of Farnborough, and he talks of going over again to Dublin city in the spring, "like a fine old Irish gentleman, all of the olden time." Kit had a good time, and got away with considerable spons., a very easy thing to do in London or Liverpool. With all the rest, however, he believes there's no place like New York city, and was particularly disgusted with that class of well-dressed swells who spend half a day in a man's house over one pot of beer, all drinking from the same pot, and putting on more airs about it than Geo. Jordan dared to. Neither does Mr. Burns approve of "slinging a quid" to every ragged-cued, would-be buffer, hanging out around the different drums. Kit calls them "beats"—we consider them "dead beats" of the worst kind. When Burns went over the last time, he anticipated meeting our London correspondent, but as that youngster started for home about a week before he arrived out, they didn't meet. Just fancy an old rounder like Burnsey wanting a quillholder to show him the London sights. Rich, aint it? True, nevertheless. The illigant Christopher speaks very highly of the courtesies extended him by Jem Ward, the Ex-Champion, of 29 Whitechapel-road, Jem Clark, of Houghton-street, Liverpool, and some few others. He left Charley Lynch doing very well as a professor of sparring among the different medical universities. It is since Kit left London that Charley has started his NEW YORK CLIPPER Shades. N. B.—Burns still wears his imperial, *a la* Napoleon.

A SQUARE GROWL.—It has come to our ears that a certain boxer took umbrage at our mentioning his name a couple of times within the past month among the other little personalities of this department. He pretends to make himself and others believe that our intention was to injure him and his character. Such a charge would be beneath our notice, were it not that we have stood out for this particular young man and defended him, while every other journal did nothing but abuse him. If this is the kind of return we are to get for battling for any of the boys who by chance or accident get into trouble, we *will* let them alone, and pretty severely. There's no necessity for mentioning names, and ere this we hope the party will look at things in their proper light and more reasonably. Our idea was to give him a lift and put in a good word, but to the astonishment of almost everybody, he turns round and talks precisely the other way. Verily, none are so blind as those that *won't* see. Don't let us have to refer to another such unpleasant subject again, for pity's sake.

REAL, GENUINE TALENT.—A good many of the free and easies are conducted "every which way," with no piano, nobody to keep order, and oftentimes no chairman. Not so at Izzy Lazarus's; his is a model sing-song. The chairman, Charley Church, an enthusiastic musician, is one of the sweetest ballad singers around town, and warbles "Rock me to Sleep, Mother," "Goodbye at the Door," "Mother Dear," and other touching airs, with pleasing effect. Professor Jones, the Irish pianist, and admirer of Mason Jones and Colonel Corcoran, is a rattling manipulator on the piano, and enters into the fun of the thing. When it comes to Izzy's "Bay of Biscay, O," "The First of Dustmen," "The Four-and-Nine," or Flory Macarty's "Whack-fal-the-rallal looraladdee, whack-fal-the-rooral-lirala," then you *do* hear something. Taken altogether, Izzy's free and easy is "a good thing to do."

BILLY MEEHAN SUPPOSED TO BE IN A TIGHT PLACE.—That blarsted old pirate, the 290, is believed to be cruising around for the California steamers, and as the vessel Billy sailed in has been due at San Francisco over a week, it is feared the Reb has got the best of our mail boat and captured her. Things are getting to a great pitch—our ships are lying idle for want of cargoes—and unless letters of marque are issued by our government to encourage private enterprise, and go in tooth for tooth, we begin to think the dog will soon be dead. If the administration can't carry us safe over the bridge, let the strife be settled by contract—a proper reward would stimulate some of our daredevil sea captains to risk almost anything to capture these too successful freebooters. Why care for what other nations think? It's a matter of life or death with us now, and we should act accordingly.

SAM FREEMAN'S LIKENESS.—We are given to understand some of the lamented Sam's friends have photographic portraits of this remarkably skillful sparrer, whose death was so much regretted among the sporting fraternity. If agreeable, we should very much like to procure one for our Pugilistic Gallery.

FIGHT IN BOSTON FOR FIFTY DOLLARS.—One day last week, a prolonged milling match came off in the suburbs of Boston, between two gay buffers named respectively Jerry Sullivan and Jimmy Cologan, both good Irish-Americans and sound on the proclamation. After fighting some two hours, Jerry having the best of it, the police interfered, upset things, and secured Jimmy as a trophy of their valor, Jerry somehow or other managing to give 'em the slip. Sullivan is so confident now that he can whip Cologan inside thirty minutes, that he is reported to have staked $50 on the spot to contend for $100 a side. Whether anything will come from it or not, "not knowing, can't say." It's a big offer, and to our eye it seems that if Jimmy could make a two-hours' fight one day, and then not be licked, he ought to last half an hour in the next go. What has he to say in regard to it? Take it up, or "sing the news," as Johnny Drumgoole has it. The judges for Messrs. Sullivan and Cologan were Bat H. and Buck S.

JERRY CONKLIN TO RHODY MAGUIRE.—Mr. Conklin is both surprised and indignant that, after all the loud talk and false promises of Mr. Maguire, he should have failed to put in an appearance at the CLIPPER office on Thursday, between the hours of 2 and 3 o'clock P. M., as mutually agreed upon, to make a match to fight off-hand at catch weight. Jerry's principal backer, Kit Burns, with Job King, Bill Clarke, and Jack Bath, were on hand, but neither Rhody nor any of *his* so-called backers showed themselves at all on that day at our office. Jerry wishes to inform the acrobat that unless he intends fight, he should be more guarded in his remarks, but if he means business or ever intended business, by leaving a deposit at the CLIPPER office, and calling on Dick Green, 33 New Bowery, he can always be accommodated for any amount. What has Rhody Maguire to say to this?

BULLY FOR FINEGAS!—We learn that Major Harry Finegas, of the Second Louisiana Native Guards, recently knocked a chap head over heels in the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, for shouting "To hell with General Butler! Three cheers for Jeff. Davis!" Served him right. Here's another instance of the advantage of science—fistic science. Now, supposing it had been some other officer instead of our young friend Harry, who didn't know how to use his fists—the chances are that Mr. Jeff. Davis's man would have got his wing clipped, or maybe a leaden pill through his carcase. "Being as how it was" a member of the P. R. he defied, he merely got laid out, no bones were broken, and probably he has learnt better manners from it by this time. Don't you see the drift of our argument? No fear of Major Finegas's using tools in a single handed combat.

ENOCH DAVIS AROUND.—"Rough Enoch," whose fight with "dead and gone" Patsy Flynn created such a stir in this city some years ago, was lately engaged at Topliffe's Theatre, Virginia City, Carson Valley, way out by the Rocky Mountains, giving sparring entertainments in addition to the dramatic show. Out there they claim Enoch as belonging to Pike's Peak, or the champion of that locality. We don't know what he has done particularly to merit the championship, but if he and Con. Orem really want to earn fame and fortune, why not settle their long-mooted question of superiority. Let's have an excitement of some kind among the Coloradians. Will the R. M. *News* stir Enoch and Con. up a little?

WATTS' POEMS AND WATTS' BENEFIT.—Mr. W., the poet laureate of our city harmonic meetings, had a capital benefit at Bob Smith's House of Commons on Thursday last, when all the "talent" were in good voice and charmed ever so gayly with their musicalities. Mr. Watts is the chap wot composes songs and poetry for the boys (not the author of "Divine Songs and Hymns," by a long chalk,) a rich specimen of which is said to be framed in an up-town porter house, consisting of a parody on an old nursery song about a trip to Weehawken by a trio of the old boys. If this is a fair specimen of what Watts can do, he can give Longfellow the crossbuttock any day in the week, and "that's what's the matter."

SOLOMON AND SONS.—Another familiar name in connection with harmonic meetings. The Solomons are doing "purty well considerin'." The location, Houston street, just off Broadway, is as good as can be had these times. Here some fine singing may be heard, but "not much pianner." "If you doubt the truth of what we say, or wish to prove it any way," ask the Beats. They are good judges of Rhine wine melodies.

"A FELLOW OF INFINITE JEST."—Who is? Why, Jack Alcroft, to be sure, Her Majesty's voluntary consul for New York. There's more dry wit about Jack than one half the light comedians of the day, and certainly since Burton's death we haven't had his equal, on or off the stage, for facial expressions. "What's th' hods? A quarter'll stand the party, won't it, Billy?" Ask Donnelly, the Irish comedian of the N. B.

JIMMY ELLIOTT TO FITZ OF PROVIDENCE.—The friends of James Elliott, who is now in Boston, are anxious for some kind of sport, and hereby offer to back him against Fitz of Providence, staking $1000 to $700, to fight at catch weight in four or six weeks after the first deposit is made. By Fitz's leaving $100 at the CLIPPER office, it will be immediately covered by the challenging party.

FELL THROUGH.—It is reported that on account of the shooting affray in California, mentioned in another column, the match between Johnny Lazarus and Pete Dailey is swamped, through Dailey's principal backer being mixed up in that unfortunate scrape. We intimated as much just a week ago, but hope the rumor may be nothing more than a rumor.

ED. TUOHEY ON HIS MUSCLE AGAIN.—A CHALLENGE.—This clever young rooster from the Dry Dock can be backed to fight any man that looks like him, at about 130 lbs., give or take 5 lbs., for from $100 to $200 a side, to come off "right on the reel." Money ready either at Wm. Clarke's or Jack Bath's. This ought to bring out somebody.

NOBBY CLARKE AND DORSEY.—Of all places in this or any other country for fight talk, Boston is the greatest spot yet. After all the fuss and feathers attending the Elliott and Kerrigan affair, Dorsey and little Clarke got talking fight, put up money for a match, drew it again, and went through all the motions, ending as a good many others have done, in "a fizzle."

JOE COBURN ON HIS TRAVELS.—Mr. Coburn is becoming so disgusted with the indifference manifested by the great guns of pugilism in England, that he has concluded to go on a bit of a jaunt from place to place, probably to be on the spot when that great mill between Dan Kerrigan and Jemmy Elliott comes off, if it ever does.

JOHNNY MORRIS IN TOWN.—We have at last tumbled across this young Boston pugilist, about whom there's been so much talk lately. He divides his time between New York and Boston, and is a well-behaved sort of fellow.

JOHNNY MACKEY TURNED PITTSBURGHER.—We learn that John is now settled down at Pittsburgh, keeping a saloon called the Carleton Exchange. Will our good-looking friend get the boys started so as to have some sport this winter? Sail in, Johnny.

TURN-UP BETWEEN OLD TOVEE AND JEM CLARK.—This impromptu affair, which culminated on Saturday night last in Houston street, is unavoidably crowded out. All particulars next week.

ALF WALKER AND ABRAHAMS TO FIGHT.—It is expected these two novices will have a go some fine morning this week on the quiet, provided nobody gets scared and backs out. "We're a watchin' on you."

BILLY MULLIGAN OFF FOR CALIFORNIA.—We understand that Colonel Billy leaves some time this week for California.

GOING TO SEE THE PRESIDENT.—Johnny Morris will start in a day or so for Washington, and may get into something there.

RUNNING WID DER MASHEEN—SPANKING TIME.—A fire laddie, writing from Providence, R. I., sends us the following account of a lively race between two fire companies on the 7th inst. On that night, an alarm was sounded to "wake up Jake," and on turning out, a consultation was had as to who should or who shouldn't go. The fire was found to be some four miles away, in a little village, and No. 7 and 3 engines were sent to put it out. They started, the roads were in an awful condition for running, and "Three's Fellers" had an old hand-engine, one of Button's third class machines, yet they made the whole distance and had water on the fire in 36 minutes! Our correspondent says: "We call it pretty good time—don't you?" Indeed we do, sonny, and we shall be pleased to hear of a match "for silver" between some of your fleet-footed red-shirts. Can't you get up an excitement of some kind, you Rhode Islanders?

FOOT RACING.—PUGS AND PEDS.—The one mile race, run at the National Theatre, Boston, for $100, was won by Jimmy Griffin in 4min. 59sec., with the others in the following order: Billy Lambert, 2nd, 5m. 13s.; Butcher Fitz, 5m. 16s.; the Lynn Buck, 5m. 16½s.; Jemmy Elliott, 5m. 17s.; the two unknowns coming in at 5:40, and 5:54. As we anticipated, neither Grindell, Stetson, nor Barlow, showed at all. You can't *always* go by what the play-bills say.

CANINE DISPUTE.—Cincinnati, Jan. 8th, 1863:—I will match my dog Prince against Jem Williams' dog Billy, of Pittsburgh, at 32lbs., scale the night of fighting, for $100 to $200. Mr. Williams, I have heard so much of your dog "Billy" that I am anxious to fight him, to try the merits of the two dogs. This means fight. A deposit left at Johnny Mackey's, Pittsburgh, or "Clipper Shades," Cincinnati, will be promptly attended to.

JOHNNY LOUDON.

COCKING.—PHILADELPHIA VS. NEW YORK.—An exciting main was got off on the quiet at the old rendezvous on Wednesday evening, Jan. 7th, between a set of birds from Philadelphia and Brooklyn, Bill B's and Jem G's, the Quaker City roosters winning every battle. Seth H., Billy C., Old Bill T., and most of the sports were lively spectators.

PIGEON SHOOT FOR $500.—John Taylor, of Jersey City, and Mr. Mayhew, of Utica, shoot a match at the Jersey Meadows, on Tuesday, 13th, for $500, at 100 birds each. In a previous match, shot at Utica, Mayhew defeated Taylor, shooting 92 birds out of 100, to Taylor's 80 out of 100.

BIG BOWLING.—In the match between sixteen of Oxford University and the Surrey County eleven, on July 16, 1862, the latter lost five wickets in six balls, and seven went for only seven runs! Unprecedented.

"CHAMPION OF THE WORLD" is the title by which Roberts, the billiard player, is now known in England. We object emphatically, because he has not yet proven himself so to be.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

MOVEMENTS, BUSINESS, AND INCIDENTS OF THE THEATRICAL, CIRCUS, MUSICAL, AND MINSTREL PROFESSION.

CITY SUMMARY.

NOTICE TO THE PROFESSION.

CRITICISMS AND NOTICES FROM OTHER PAPERS.

EXCELLENT and well-merited notices and criticisms of performers and performances frequently appear in journals which may have an extensive local circulation, but which are rarely seen outside of the city where they are published. We have repeatedly been requested to copy such notices, in the CLIPPER, not gratuitously, but as a matter of business. By giving them publicity in the CLIPPER they attain a wider and more general circulation, both in Europe and America. We have considered the matter over, and if our friends desire it, we will prepare a special department in our Theatrical Record, in which notices and criticisms from other papers will be inserted for one shilling per line. Those who may wish to take advantage of this offer, will please send along their favors at once.

MONDAY, January 12, 1863.

Notwithstanding the severe strain upon postage currency holders through the holidays, the critical and crushing pressure upon pocket books, and the lively and loose outpouring of ye one thing needful during the season of festivities but lately closed, we are gratified to record that business last week continued remarkably good, and the theatres, east side and west side, were rewarded by exceedingly good houses at the hands of a "liberal and discriminating public." The week succeeding the holiday season is generally a sort of blank, or "half and half arrangement," but this time it was all good and genuine patronage—no "mock turtle" or flimsey "paper" crowding, but a cash endorsement of nearly every patron of our amusements. This looks well. It savors of an increasing love for the drama, an abiding faith in minstrelsy, and confidence in things generally. Let managers put their shoulders to the wheel, and keep moving on, not to Richmond, but to riches. So far all is well—the season has been brilliant, considering the disturbed state of our country. Now is the turning point. If once the interest in our amusements is permitted to flag, down goes your house, and the profits of the past will be eaten up in the losses of the future. Look to it, therefore, Mr. Manager—keep up your attractions—let novelty succeed novelty before one shows the least evidence of old age—let star follow star before a single one grows dim in the service. In this way the season may be carried through triumphantly, and each and every manager be enabled to salt down in the old stocking a large surplus as the earnings of the business of 1862-3. "All's well that ends well." Let's to work, then.

We wish some improvement could be made in the reserved seat arrangement at some of our theatres; or, what is more to the purpose, we wish the system could be abolished altogether. We seldom visit a theatre that we do not see seats marked "taken" that have not, in reality, been secured at all; and this fact is very apparent at the close of the first act, when these "taken" empty seats are quickly filled by those who may have been poked away in some obscure corner, or by standees who are ever ready to pounce upon the bogus "secured seats" as soon as the curtain begins to descend on the opening act. To make a show, whole rows of seats are *marked* "taken," for which, perhaps, not a single check has been issued at the box office. They are reserved for hotels, or for favorites of the officials in front of the house, who may or may not put in an appearance; while those who attend early, and pay their way freely, are compelled to "take back seats." "First come, first served," should be the rule at all our theatres. If Mrs. Astor wishes a good seat, let her drive down town in season, and take her chances with Mrs. Billy Patterson, who has to foot it. It may be urged that Mrs. Billy has the same privilege of securing a seat in advance as Mrs. Astor. "All right, my covey;" so she has—we admit it. But if neither Mrs. Astor or Mrs. Patterson should think about securing a seat in advance, but both drop in "promiscuously," at night, do you think the spouse of the stricken Billy would fare as sumptuously as the consort of the free and easy millionaire? Hay? Do yer? No mam. The officials in front know the difference twixt tweedle dum and tweedle dee: the relict of the belligerent Patterson is left to look out for herself, while the "high-born lady" of ye man of means is conducted with all due deference and gallantry to one of those bogus secured seats. Its so. Now, both ladies being entitled to equal rights, under corresponding circumstances, we ask is it fair, is it just that the amiable but unassuming and modest Mrs. Billy Patterson should be "left out in the cold?" or, at least, left to seek a seat, unaided, unassisted by the gallant gentlemen who have just so courteously and comfortably seated the other lady, whose husband was never struck? We have nothing to say against Mrs. A., but claim equal courtesies for Mrs. P. Now, we do not say that *all* officials receive presents from their favorites. No such thing. But *some* do—we have seen it done, and that's where Mrs. Patterson and those like her, of limited means, labor under a disadvantage. They have probably left their last half dollar at the box office, and have but a solitary quarter left with which to purchase the inevitable stew and accompaniments on their return home. So we repeat, the bogus reserved seat system is a delusion and a snare, and ought to be blotted out. P. S.—It has never been discovered who struck Mrs. Patterson's husband.

Talking about reserved seats, and the premium sometimes paid for seats—about which latter we have not said a word—reminds us of a sale of seats or pews which took place last week at Mr. Henry Ward Beecher's establishment, in Brooklyn. This "star" continues to attract the largest audiences, and seats are always in great demand, the annual sale of which brings in a big revenue. At the sale on the 6th, there was a very large attendance, and the bidding was somewhat more spirited than last year. The highest premium offered was $155; last year it was $100. The average premium was much higher than on any previous occasion. The rental of the pews and aisle chairs is $13,215, and it was estimated that the total amount realized this year would be $25,000, against $18,000 last year. We think it would "ring in" a good many more sinners if the free seat, or first come first served system were adopted here, too. Don't you?

The engagement of Mr. J. B. Roberts, at Niblo's, will terminate on the 14th inst., that being the last representation of "Faust and Marguerite," for the present. Although the attendance has been good during a portion of the time this spectacle has been presented, yet, financially, the piece has not proved a success. In the first place, it was not new to our boards. In the second place, the effects were not properly managed on the opening nights, and the bungle made by the carpenters and stage hands marred the beauties of the spectacle, and created a somewhat unfavorable impression regarding its merits. Mr. Roberts, as Mephistopheles, has been favorably received, and much credit accorded to him for his rendition of the part.

There was a terrible time at the Italian Opera last week, and the season spasmodically and abruptly closed on the 10th, with a "matinee." On Monday, 5th, "Poliuto" was given, with Sig. Maccaferri substituted for Sig. Brignoli, who was again reported on the sick list. Miss Kellogg appeared in the Opera, as announced, and met with a kind reception. The "Sicilian Vespers" was advertised for the 7th, but Brignoli still being laid up in lavander, the "Traviata" was given in its place, with M'lle. Cordier as the lost one. The delicate tenor remaining, or supposed to be remaining on his beam-ends, and everything at the Academy going to the dogs, Manager Grau was compelled to shut up shop on the 10th, promising to resume when Brignoli "comes to." Italian Opera companies ought to be so organised that no one single performer, by caprice or illness, should interfere with the business of the concern, or mar the pleasure of the patrons of the lyric drama, as Brignoli has done. Sometimes there is a great deal of jealousy and bad feeling existing among these singing people, and we have known cases where a tenor shammed sickness to avoid performing with some fresh prima donna. We hope there is nothing of the kind in the present case. For Brignoli's own reputation, we sincerely trust that he may have been sick—very sick—as represented, and it will do no harm if he don't get well too suddenly. Such a course *might* create suspicion. Poor Grau! he is an "ill"-used man. He should declare martial-law.

While Brignoli is "slowly recovering from his recent severe indisposition," let us turn our attention to another musician who is really deserving of our sympathies and assistance. We allude to our genial and weighty friend Cook, who many a time and oft has charmed us with the music which he drew from his Cremona, while wielding the bow and baton at Niblo's Garden. Fortune has gone back on friend Cook, of late, and with a large family to provide for, all is not *coleur du rose* with him and his. Ascertaining this fact, a number of his friends are making arrangements to get up a benefit in his behalf; the first, we believe, tendered him since his sojourn among us. Should the proposed testimonial come to a focus, the time, place, etc., will be duly announced in the CLIPPER and other papers.

A very liberal offer is made by Mr. Henry Wood, of Wood's Minstrels, to gentlemen of a literary turn of mind. He proposes to give five hundred dollars for the best negro play and song, the latter to be pathetic, of three verses and a chorus; the play not to play over thirty minutes. Now, this is something worth trying for; $250 will be given for each.

Have you seen the Japanese pigs at the Broadway Menagerie? They're a great curiosity. They *grunt* like any other pig, but are built on an entirely different model. In expression, they are not unlike Japanese Tommy and his crowd that visited Alderman Boole and the rest of us a few years ago. Just on the "snoot"—isn't that what they call it?—or on the forehead, maybe it is—there are certain marks that look very much like Chinese characters, like those we see on tea chests, which, for all we know, may express some hard things against us. The pigs themselves, considering they have no Boole to explain the customs of the country to them, are pretty well behaved, and apparently enjoy themselves as well as the confined dimensions of their circuit will permit. In addition to the pigs, a curious sort of monkey has just been placed in Mr. Lent's collection. This monkey, or "Bearded Saki," does not resemble any picture of monkeys we have ever seen in our spelling-books, or school books of natural history. The tail is in the right place, but it is more like a wolf's or squirrel's tail than a monkey's. It may be proper to add that the monkey is in no way connected with the pigs. It is of a different persuasion altogether. A visit to Mr. Lent's Menagerie will well repay you. There you can see many wonderful, living creations, prominent among which are four elephants, lions, lionesses, tiger cats, etc., etc., and the Japanese pigs.

Manager Fuller, of the Louisville Theatre, arrived in town last week. He opens the National, Cincinnati, on the 19th. His visit here is for the purpose of looking up talent for the new company.

A handsome New Year's present! Mrs. Chanfrau, of the Winter Garden, was, on New Year's day, presented with a deed for a house and three lots of land, by her husband, Mr. F. S. Chanfrau. Not bad to take.

The "three fours" shine out as brilliantly as ever at Mr. Robert Butler's music hall on Broadway. This week several of the old favorites are in the field, with new wrinkles picked up by experience on their travels. We "squoze" ourselves in there Saturday evening, after considerable trouble from the jam, and found everything lovely, as usual, 'specially the ballet girls. They were going through the Zouave drill in the afterpiece, just as we entered. There's nothing we like better than to see the girls "maneuvring." The piece, a great patriotic one, in which the fellows on the reb. side get pretty well damned by the audience, ended with a grand tableau of pretty faces, symmetrical limbs, and fine scenery.

Master Willie Pape's concert at Irving Hall on Wednesday evening, Jan. 7th, was quite an agreeable success. Willie is unquestionably an astonishing boy. His brilliant execution, his remarkable comprehension of the resources of the instrument he is such a master of, and the compositions he plays so admirably, are such as to equal the efforts of those who have devoted themselves to study for three times the number of years that he has. We listened to Willie's rendition of Lizt's "Rigoletto Fantasia," Gottschalk's "Last Hope," and Thalberg's "Elise de Amore," with delight. All were played from memory alone, and with an accuracy and skill that would have done credit to the authors above named. Mr. Theo. Thomas on the violin, M. Castle in ballads, and Miss Dingley in operatic cavatinas, greatly added to the attractions of the evening.

On Monday evening, Jan. 5th, there was one of those crowded houses at Wallack's that we often hear of, but seldom see, the attraction being the romantic drama of "Pauline," which was presented at that theatre for the first time on the evening in question. The last time we saw this highly sensational play, was at Wallack's old theatre, with Miss Laura Keene in the leading character—she was then establishing herself in favor—and then it proved quite a taking card. As played on Monday, the performance was a decided improvement on that of the previous presentation. We never saw Mrs. Hoey act better. She was in her glory, and dressed and acted the part to perfection. Lester Wallack was also in his sphere, and the manner in which he performed throughout was truly thrilling, especially the duelling scene, which is alone worth an evening's visit to see. The other characters were also well rendered, and the scenery was very good, the scene in the second act being really a fine piece of landscape painting. But the piece is not one we should include in the Wallackian repertoire; it is too sensational, and has too little about it that would "point a moral and adorn a tale." By way of variety, it does well enough; but a few representations in a season will do for such plays as "Pauline."

Daniel E. Bandmann, the promising young tragedian, who created such a sensation while playing a month or so ago in German at Wallack's Old Theatre, will appear at Niblo's Garden on the 15th, 16th and 17th, in the great character of Shylock, in the "Merchant of Venice." Mr. Bandman has been assiduously studying our language during his recess, and it is expected his performances in the English language will be "well up" to the great Mons. Fechter of the London stage. We shall see about that all in good time.

Those statuettes of Edwin Booth referred to in this department as being in preparation some time ago, are now finished, and on exhibition in many of our Broadway stores. We can't say that we like them.

Mrs. John Wood was well received on her re-appearance before the public, at Laura Keene's Theatre, on Monday evening, Jan. 5th. This evening, 12th, she is to appear for the first time in New York in Planche's comic drama, entitled the "Pride of the Market." To see the great comedienne in this, to us, new piece, there will very likely be a strong turn out of the lady's admirers. At this time, in her peculiar line of business, Mrs. Wood is without a rival, perhaps, on the American stage, and on the foreign boards there are but few that equal her.

It should not be forgotten that Mr. Roberts' benefit takes place at Niblo's Garden on the 13th, and Miss Emily Thorne's on the 14th, those being the last representations of the spectacle of Faust and Marguerite.

The Marzetti Jocko Troupe had a lively week of it at the New Bowery Theatre, closing on the 10th inst. The only thing that seemed to trouble the boys was, as to Jocko's tail. They were pretty unanimous that he ought to *have* a tail, but if that useful appendage to the monkey tribe was tacked on to "Jocko," they "could not see it." In order to keep up a constant run of attractions at the New Bowery, Mr. Lingard will produce this evening a drama founded on Victor Hugo's great work, entitled "Les Miserables. If the drama should prove anything like as interesting as the book, it cannot fail to meet with success. "Les Miserables" is probably one of the most thrilling books of the age. The dramatization to be produced this evening is by Mr. H. Seymour, and the distribution of the principal characters is as follows:—Jean Valjean, Mr. G. C. Boniface; Javert, Mr. J. Nunan; Marius, Mr. Marden; Gavoche, Miss Denham; Fantine, Mrs. W. G. Jones.

There is nothing new to record of Bryants' Minstrels. We observe the same crowded audiences, night after night, and the same system of rapid changes on the stage. Everything moves along here as if by machinery. There are no waits between acts; as soon as one performance is concluded, another is ready, and so it goes on until the closing act, which is generally a real old darkey song and dance, and plantation wind-up.

On Monday evening next, Jan. 19th, Miss Bateman commences a series of performances at Niblo's Garden. A new play, called "Leah, the Forsaken," will be given on the opening night.

A new band of minstrels is about being organised in this city, under the direction of Mr. H. S. Rumsey, the great performer on the banjo, and at one time one of the managers of the celebrated troupe known as Rumsey & Newcomb's Minstrels. Several good performers are still required to complete the new organization, as may be seen by an advertisement in another part of this paper.

Mr. Couldock, Miss Couldock, and Miss Cubas are the attractions at the Winter Garden this week, the two former appearing in "The Chimney Corner," supported by A. H. Davenport; and Cubas, in the "French Spy."

The Gas Man, Dr. Colton, announces an exhibition in this city on the 14th. His subjects cut up some high shindies at these exhibitions. The laughing-gas makes some of the frightful experimentalists cry instead of laugh.

A company of little ones, called the Bretto Children, will give their first concert in New York on the 15th inst. Bernard, a violinist, is eleven years of age; Richard, who plays on the cornet, is seven; and Emil Grau, also violinist, is thirteen.

There is no change at the Old Bowery. The giant is still there, and draws big houses. Jackson Haines, the skater, who informed us a week or two since that he would leave immediately to fulfil engagements west, is also at this house.

"The late Mrs. Brougham" reads at "the invitation of several families and friends" on the 14th inst. She promises to give an evening with "Ireland's Shakespeare," her selections being from Knowles' "Hunchback," and "Love Chase."

Mr. Wm. Pridham, California circus agent, arrived here in the last steamer from San Francisco. He comes on a mission from Mr. Lea, circus manager in California, to engage talent for the next season.

Among the arrivals in town last week was Mr. Smythe, proprietor of Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh. He is looking up talent for his music hall, and has already made a number of engagements.

A new horse piece, called the "Spy of the Potomac," has been written for Miss Menken; and we understand that Artemas Ward is also writing a piece for this lady. It is called "That Awful Woman," and *may* have reference to a celebrated actress.

Cheap enough. Five "photos" for $1 of theatrical celebrities. See Wemyss's advertisement. Pick 'em out where you like.

Adah Isaacs Menken has not been able to commence any of her engagements, on account of illness. A neuralgic affection holds her in close custody in this city. As soon as her health is restored, she will go to work again. She has had fresh offers this week, and Manager Hampton, of the Hartford Theatre, would like to secure her services for the Hartford, Springfield, Providence, and New Haven circuit.

DRAMATIC.

Miss Edith Mitchell and Mr. Waldron were the principal performers at Victoria, V. I., at last accounts, Dec. 7th. They are both well spoken of by the press of that place.

A gentleman named Murray, formerly a merchant at Folsom, in California, has lately taken to the stage, out of intense love for the profession. He was last playing with Buchanan's company at Sacramento. His speciality is Scotch characters, which he performs with considerable naturalness and ability.

Miss Marion, performing with Gates' "Parlor Entertainment," will soon be disengaged, and is desirous of securing an engagement as chambermaid, etc. See advertisement.

Ford's Theatre, Washington, recently destroyed by fire, was formerly a Baptist church, under the pastoral care of Rev. O. B. Brown. Mr. Ford rented the place, and expended a large sum of money in converting it into a theatre. We believe he had the privilege of purchasing the property within five years.

Mr. Pike's Cincinnati company are to perform in Lexington, Ky., this week, the Opera House being occupied by John B. Gough, who is to deliver a course of lectures for charitable purposes. At the close of these lectures, the company will return, and Miss Heron will commence a star engagement at Pike's.

The largest audience that ever assembled at Springfield, Mass., attended at Music Hall on the 6th, on the occasion of a performance given there by Mr. Wheatley's company, under the direction of Mr. Jarrett. Mr. Hackett appeared as Falstaff, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," supported by Messrs. McCullough, Canoll, Becks; Mrs. J. H. Allen, Mrs. H. P. Grattan, and others. It was regretted that their stay could not be prolonged. They were followed on the 7th by Mr. J. C. Myers' Providence company, who remain there until the 17th.

On the occasion of Mr. W. H. Riley's benefit on the 2d inst., at the Metropolitan, Indianapolis, he appeared as Fabian and Louis de Franchi, in the "Corsican Brothers."

John Wilkes Booth commences an engagement at the Boston Museum on the 19th. Young Booth is one of the "coming men."

Mr. and Mrs. Florence, the Irish Boy and Yankee Girl, commenced an engagement at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, on the 5th, to successful business. The Yankee Girl was up for a benefit on the 9th.

California amusements were not very brisk at last accounts. We regret to hear that Mme. Biscaccianti was seriously ill of bilious fever. Our correspondent, "Bay View," gives a summary of the news:—

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Dec. 15, 1862.

FRIEND QUEEN—Herewith I give you notices of the theatrical and show business of this place:—

Metropolitan Theatre.—The business at this theatre during the past week has been fair. On Friday, Manager Tibbets took a complimentary benefit, tendered him by the *attaches* of the theatre, which was largely attended. Mr. L. F. Beatty has joined the company, and promises to be a favorite with the public. The "Three Eras of Life," "Life Among the Mormons," and "Eight Chapters of a Strange Life" have been brought out during the week.

Maguire's Opera House.—The minstrels have performed nearly all the week to moderate business. The region of the Opera House being the headquarters of a large portion of the *gay gambutiers* with which our city is now overflowing, keeps many people from patronising the Opera House.

American Theatre.—This house was opened during the week for the production of Dr. Bien's new play of "Genius Tried and Triumphant." The first representation was largely attended; second slimly; and Saturday, the author's benefit, was well attended. The play is of the melo-dramatic cast, and abounds in startling incidents. It has considerable literary merit, however, and is quite skilfully constructed. Sunday's performance, by the German company, drew a crowded house. Mr. Wilmeyer appeared for the second time and received much applause. The German company are coining money, while all the other theatres are losing.

Eureka Theatre.—Platt's new theatre is nearly finished, and will be opened by W. H. Leighton some time during this week.

The San Francisco Dramatic Company gave an entertainment at Tucker's Academy of Music on Thurday evening. The house was well filled, and the amateurs displayed especial good reading, but lacked somewhat in stage business. More attention should be devoted to acting. "The Miser of Marseilles" and the "Wonderful Woman" were the pieces performed on this occasion.

Bunker Hill Association give their second concert for the benefit of the sick and wounded soldiers, on Pilgrim's day, Dec. 22d, at Platt's Hall, Miss] Parker's vocalism, the celebrated pianist, Rod Sip, an immense orchestra, etc., made up the entertainment. The Star Spangled Banner will be given by Miss Parker and a chorus of fifty from the Eintracht Musical Society, full orchestra and eight pianos; Sweet Home, by Miss Parker and an accompaniment of six pianos. Mr. Rod Sip, the latest arrived musical celebrity, is creating a great stir in musical circles. Local pianists regard him as an interloper. Though somewhat eccentric in his style, he shows marvellous command of the piano keys, and draws forth whirlwinds and zephyrs alike at will. He is of the Gottschalk school, more demonstrative than classical, but immeasurably superior to any of our resident artists for the concert room. Piano solos have come to be a bore at our concerts, only endurable in the hope of a speedy end. Mr. Sip is listened to with attention, and enthusiastically *encored*.

The Handel and Hayden Society give Handel's "Messiah" on Christmas night, with Miss Parker, soprano; Mrs. Oliphant, contralto; Mr. John Gregg, baritone; Mr. Anderson, tenor; Mr. Wunderlick, bass; and a chorus of three hundred. This musical society, the pride of the Pacific, is continually adding to its members, and excellence of drill of the chorus force. The conductor, Mr. Oliver; and the organist of the society, "Gustavus R. Scott" (the best organist of the city) deserve much praise for the perfection displayed in the rendering of the oratorios by this society.

S. K. G. Nellis, the no armed man, left on the last steamer for Panama. He intends to give his performances through Central America.

Gilbert's Melodeon is doing the best business in town.

Bella Union Melodeon.—The business at this house is falling off. Mad. Eliza Biscaccianti, who has lately been performing at this house, is so seriously ill of billious fever that but scant hopes are entertained of her recovery.

Ellsler was not able to open the Columbus, Ohio, Theatre as early as intended. It was to have been opened for sure on the 12th.

Mr. and Mrs. Conway finished their performances at the Louisville Theatre on the 10th. Sallie St. Clair succeeds them on the 12th. The Conways had been running the "Peep o' Day."

Sydney Smith, stage manager at the Metropolitan, Buffalo, commences operations as stage manager of the Louisville Theatre, on the 19th.

In New Orleans, business was still very shaky at the Varieties, and there was talk of the company soon closing. Money is tight in the Crescent City, and consists of "blue tickets" and shinplasters. Everything in the way of amusements is represnted as dull, with provisions poor and high-priced. Some of the folks are pretty much discouraged, and "want to go home." Our dates are to the first of January.

Mr. Joel Thayer, treasurer of the Metropolitan, Buffalo, took a benefit on the 9th, prior to leaving for the purpose of taking a "sit." as assistant paymaster in the army. "Fortunio and his Seven Gifted Servants" had been running at the Metropolitan.

This, the second, is announced as the last week of Maggie Mitchell at the Howard Athenæum. She is still running "Fanchon," which seems to stand the test better than anything else in her *repertoire*. She is announced to perform in Providence next week.

The National Theatre, Boston, is now being used as a race-course, the dramatic show having got somewhat commonplace lately. On Friday there was a mile race, on Saturday a firemen's race for a silver trumpet, and on Monday, the 12th, a great five mile race for $100 was to come off. Among the entries for these trials of skill, Grindell, Stetson, Barlowe, Elliott, Buckley, Butcher Boy, Bates, Fisher, Griffin, and Lambert, were named, but how many of them started we are not informed. What next, Manager English?

Bostonians may now "loud hallelujahs sing," sure enough, with such prospects as they have for a new theatre, under the management of so fair a cateress as Mrs. Kate English. Read the tidings in the advertisement elsewhere, from which we quote: "Mrs. Kate English's theatre will open on or about January 25, with vaudevilles, operas, agreeable comedies, pantomimes, and such *unexceptionable* pieces, etc.—will offer the Boston public the *best talent in the country*—and pay *the most liberal salaries.*"

The remnants of Allen's Vermont Tableau Company were recently at St. Johnsbury, where Mrs. Allen was the recipient of much admiration as Capitola, supported as follows:—Hurricane, Mr. A. Glassford; Black Donald, Mr. G. J. Ambrose; Wool, Mr. J. Lewis; Herbert, Mr. W. Otis; Gilbert, Mr. A. Noble; Mrs. Condiment, Mrs. G. J. Ambrose; Pitipat, Miss Smith; Clara Day, Mrs. A. Glassford.

It is whispered that W. W. Pratt has found "a magnet" in the person of a pretty French girl at Quebec, C. E., sufficient to lead him to think of relinquishing his "bachelor life." How's that, neighbor Pratt?

The rumor of the marriage of Mrs. H. A. Perry to G. A. Hough, does not appear to be founded on fact, as no one should know better than the lady herself, and she denies the canard, as will be seen by the annexed letter:—ELMIRA, Jan. 8th, 1863.—Mr. QUEEN:—I beg to assure you that the rumor of my marriage with Mr. G. A. Hough is entirely without foundation. In fact, I think it must have emanated entirely from the dreamy and imaginative brain of the correspondent. In short, the article in the CLIPPER of this week is the first intimation of the kind that has come to my ears. I have for many years been personally acquainted with Mr. Hough; to be his wife "is an honor that I dream not of." Nor has the "valiant Paris ever sought me for his love."—You will confer a favor on me by saying as much in your paper.

With much respect, yours, Mrs. H. A. PERRY.

Mrs. W. B. English's Ravel Troupe—the Zanfretta party—concluded a two weeks engagement with manager Harry Linden at Toronto, on the 10th. The business is said to have been excellent during the engagement. They return direct to Boston, to be in readiness for the opening of Mrs. W. B. English's new Theatre, in February. Engagements have already been made with first class artistes throughout the country, also with several Parisian artistes of celebrity, who will make their first appearance in this country at the new establishment.

Manager Linden will produce immediately at the Lyceum, Toronto, three pieces written by Mr. W. W. Pratt, viz.: "Ten nights in a Bar Room," "Fantine," and a new dramatization from Dickens' last Christmas story, entitled "Somebody's Luggage."

Since the burning of Ford's beautiful little theatre, in Washington, theatricals have been somewhat duller than usual. At the Washington Theatre they have been playing stock pieces during the week. Messrs. Ed. Brink and Jas. Edwards (late of Ford's theatre) made their first appearance on Tuesday night, 6th inst. Mr. Harry Hawk, the comedian of Ford's late theatre, joined the company on the 7th, opening in Jemmy Twitcher. The house was very good, and he was favorably received, being a favorite in that city.....Miss Lucille Western, the beautiful and talented young actress, makes her first appearance at this theatre on Monday evening, January 12th.

At Grover's Theatre, Washington, business is very good, with Mary Provost as the star. On Saturday evening, Jan. 3d, Mr. Grover and his company volunteered for a complimentary benefit for Ford's company. The house was crowded, and it is said some six hundred dollars were divided among the company. Great praise is due to Mr. Grover for his liberality, he not charging one cent for his theatre. A correspondent informs us that Messrs. L. and G. Barrett refused to play unless they received their salary for it. We hope this report is not correct.

A good leading man is wanted at the Madison Theatre, Madison, Wis. See advertisement.

Miss Sallie St. Clair and Charles Barrass commence at Louisville, Jan. 12th.

Mr. Mackay, the stage manager of the Pittsburgh Varieties, has accepted a berth with Fuller, of the National, Cincinnati, and leaves for that city this week. "Now and Then" says:—"He is a great favorite here, and as Peter Probity, in "The Chimney Corner," and other similar old men parts, he is supposed to have few superiors. Mr. Mackay was presented with a beautiful gold headed ebony cane last week, by his old friend and fellow actor, Mr. McManus, of the Louisville Theatre. Mrs. Walker leaves here for Indianapolis on Saturday, 10th, and John Owens begins on the following Monday, 12th. It is expected that this gentleman will play to full houses nightly, as it has been many years since he has been in our city.

New Year's day in Pittsburgh brought as rich returns to the manager of the theatre as did the other yearly holiday, Christmas. The house was moderately well filled in the afternoon, and and in the evening it was literally packed from parquet to third tier. So says "Now and Then," and adds:—"Miss Charlotte Thompson finished one of the most successful engagements on Saturday, Jan. 3d, that has ever been played within "Old Drury's" walls from its earliest date down to the present time. A complimentary benefit was gotten up for her on Friday, 2d, and the house in the evening contained as many people, who paid, as it did on either Christmas or New Year's night, which must have been very flattering to the young artiste. Miss Thompson left here for Cincinnati on Monday, 5th, and that evening Mrs. Waller appeared at the Pittsburgh Theatre as Meg Merrilies. The lady met with a warm reception, but the houses have not been so good as during the Thompson reign.

Last week closed the second of Hough's comedy company at Elmira, N. Y. The "Italian Wife" was given on the 8th, with Harry Clayton as Fazio, and Mrs. H. A. Perry as Bianca. A benefit for the Soldiers' Home was underlined.

E. T. Sherlock, proprietor and late manager of the Detroit Theatre, is now Major in the 5th Michigan Volunteers, and is, for the present, at Washington, D. C.

Miss Charlotte Thompson is in the second week of her performances at the National, Cincinnati. This week she produces her drama of "Little Fadette, or the Cricket."

Philadelphia will shortly be regaled with a few German operas, under the direction of Carl Anchutz. "De Buits," a correspondent, says:—The company is to be imported from your city, to gratify our heavy musical men. We are in hopes it will pay, but fear not, as the "creme de la creme" of Philadelphia society abhor anything in the musical line that is not Italian. They would go and hear the opera of "Martha," in Italian, but let a German company sing the opera, (although the music is entirely the same) and you will find that the house is but half filled.

The new Memphis Theatre, under the active management of B. R. Maginley, producced several fine pieces for Christmas and New Year's week. On the 25th ult., "Esmeralda, or the Deformed Bell Ringer of Notre Dame," was on; 29th, "Jessie Brown" and the "Wandering Boys;" and on the 30th, "The Marble Heart." In the last named beautiful play, "the living statues of the Graces," Aspasia, Lais, and Phyrne, are represented by Mrs. Frank Graham, Miss Minnie Lester, and Sally Burnett, said to, and no doubt do, make "a refined and artistic picture." Miss Radcliffe and Mrs. Durivage do the dancing now at this house. They have also in rehearsal "The Hidden Hand."

Miss Fanny B. Price and Mr. D. Hanchett are in the third week of their engagement at Rochester. They are highly spoken of by the Rochester press.

The Holman National Opera Troupe, after closing their performances in Pittsburgh, gave four nights in Zanesville, Ohio, and open this evening, 12th, at Ellsler's Cleveland Theatre. In another column will be found a notice from the *Pittsburgh Chronicle*, in reference to this troupe.

A young tragedian, named Charles Henry (no relation to Wm. Henry, whom they wake up at Bryants'), gave a series of performances, last week, at the Metropolitan, Rochester. Mr. D. Hanchett and Miss Fanny Price also appeared, being the second week of the engagement of the two latter. The "Seven Sisters" is to be brought out there.

What do you think of this? At the end of the programme for the Lyceum Theatre, Toronto, Canada West, we find this announcement, in capital lettters:—"American Silver taken at par." Just to think of it, while we are paying 30 per cent. *premium* for our own silver, in Canada it is a drug in the market, and is selling at *five per cent. discount!* and the manager of the theatre kindly offers to receive it at par. The world must be turning upside down.

Miss Maggie Mitchell commenced her engagement at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, on the 5th inst. "Fanchon" was produced in excellent style, to a house moderately full. The piece was continued throughout the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams succeed Laura Keene's company at the Walnut, Philadelphia, this evening, Jan. 12th. They have always been good cards in Philadelphia, and it will not be unsafe to predict a successful engagement for them now.

Mrs. W. B. English, manageress of the Ravel party performing in Canada, had a benefit at the Lyceum, on the 7th, under the patronage of Major General Napier, C. B.

The second experiment of introducing the opera in Brooklyn, which was tried on Thursday night, January 8th, again met with failure, for exclusive of the dead-head stock-holders, there was not enough in the house to pay a third of the expenses. Even a new opera, with a popular native prima donna, couldn't draw; and why? Because the monied classes of Brooklyn, with all their pretensions to refinement of taste, lack that cultivated appreciation of the musical drama, that alone will sustain the opera. They can't understand it; don't like it; and nothing but fashion sends them there on such occasions. Had Barney Williams and his wife been the attraction, the Academy would have been filled. Why, you cannot find a community in the country more devoid of the attributes of refinement in taste and education, than the shoddy aristocracy of Brooklyn. We are really surprised that Manager Grau tries to civilize such a set. If they could get the opera cheap and exclusive at the same time, why then they might patronize it, but otherwise they won't. For this reason the Philharmonic Concerts draw; they are cheap to subscribers, and exclusive. Bah for such a set.

Theatres in Philadelphia continue to do well. "Young Rapid," our old correspondent, says:—"During my short stay here, I have visited the different places of amusement (of which this city has its full share), and thinking that a few notes from your old correspondent would be acceptable, I send them:—At the Arch, Peter and Caroline Richings, those universal favorites, commenced an engagement on the 5th, opening in the "Daughter of the Regiment," to a very crowded auditory. The reception these artists met with was flattering in the extreme. The immense crowds which they have attracted each night during the week, shows that our citizens appreciate true merit. On the occasion of Miss Richings's benefit, Mrs. Mowatt's brilliant comedy of "Fashion" was produced in capital style, and to an overflowing house. On Monday next, "Extremes" will be brought out. It was intended to have produced the new opera of "Satanella," at once, but owing to the loss of the costumes and music by the burning of Ford's Theatre, it will have to be postponed for the present.....At the Walnut, Laura Keene's New York company have continued to attract excellent houses during the week. "Much Ado About Nothing" was produced on Thursday evening, Jan. 8th, and Mr. Blake appeared in his wonderful impersonation of Dogberry. Strange to relate, this great artiste was himself on this occasion, and never was seen to better advantage. He has no equal on the American stage in this character. Mr. Walcot, Jr., and Mr. Levick, are not possessed of sufficient talent to do justice to the several parts for which they have been cast during this engagement. The combination close on the 10th.

Wheatley's dramatic company, with Hackett as Falstaff, had an audience of three thousand persons in Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., Jan. 7th. What do you think of that, at 50 cents per head for the main body of the hall?

Mr. Siddons' endeavor to render theatricals fashionable in Detroit has been attended with a fair degree of success. He began with a very small *corps* of amateurs, and his young daughter as the only lady; but the *corps d'essai* was so fortunate that offers of assistance are coming in "thick as leaves of Vallambrosa." The selection for the first evening was judicious—the great Othello scene in the 3d act, three scenes from the "Merchant of Venice," "Box and Cox," and "The First Night." Young Banken, the son of the Canadian Colonel, made a hit as Othello and Cox. Siddons himself was great as Shylock and Achille Talma Duford. Miss Siddons, who rejoices in the dramatic baptismal name of Fanny Kemble, was admirable as Portia, and raised the little part of Rose into importance by incorporating the burlesque speeches of Tilburina from the "Critic," and singing "*Vive l'America.*" Everything went well; not a hitch. A good orchestra, excellent dresses, beautiful scenery, and a crowded hall. Nearly 800 persons, mostly composed of those who never patronize the regular theatricals, were present. The Siddons are gone to the Canadas, but it is not improbable that they will return and repeat their theatrical exertions. In the meantime, other amateurs, assisted by professional ladies from Chicago, will occupy the ground. They play "Deaf as a Post" and the "Rough Diamond" on the 19th, for a charitable object.

Miss Kate Reignolds takes a benefit on the 16th at the Boston Museum. "Crossing the Quicksands" has been crossed off the bills, and the "Doctor of Alcantara" is revived this week.

Miss Julia Daly has returned to the duties of her profession, and last week appeared as Tartarine, in the "Seven Sisters," at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati.

The Norfolk (Va.) Opera House is now in its eleventh week, under the management of Messrs. Glenn & Oates. The "French Spy" was favorably received, and this was followed by the drama of "Louise de Lignerolles," with Miss Mary Mitchell as Louise.

John E. Owens made his last appearance at the Holliday, Baltimore, on the 10th. John S. Clarke succeeds him, opening on the 12th.

Miss Heron is doing well at the St. Louis Theatre.

"Herne, the Hunter," has been running at the Front-street, Baltimore. In the grand procession, the chariot is drawn by four horses, driven by Mr. Frank Rosston. Miss Adah Proctor is the heroine in the play.

Sam Ryan takes hold of the Baltimore Museum this week, the initial performance coming off on the 12th, Mr. Ryan appearing as Wool, in the "Hidden Hand."

Manager Henderson's "star" at present at his theatre in Pittsburgh, is Emma Waller. "Keystone," a correspondent, says:—Business is moderate; but better cannot be expected in this city so soon after the holidays. To-night, 10th, for her benefit, she appears in three acts of "Hamlet," and the last two of "Guy Mannering," and I hope she may have a full house. She richly deserves it.

They are working very hard at the new theatre in Philadelphia, but the opening night has not yet been definitely fixed upon. A correspondent, "Young Rapid," says he took a general survey of the interior on the 7th, and judges it will be two or three weeks before the opening performance can be given. The frescoing of the ceiling is finished, also the work around the boxes. Mr. J. M. B. Whitton, at present treasurer at Niblo's, New-York, is to be the treasurer of the new theatre in Philadelphia.

CIRCUSES.

Through a telegraphic dispatch received here from San Francisco, we learn that John Wilson has sold out his circus business to Mr. Lea, whose agent, Mr. Pridham, is now in New York, looking up talent for Lea.

In our last, we alluded to the fact of Mr. Marshall, once a circus manager in California, being shot while endeavoring to save a man from the hands of an infuriated mob in Oregon. We have since gleaned a few particulars concerning the affair. It

For Continuation of Theatrical Record, See Page 318.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1863.

TO SUBSCRIBERS, ADVERTISERS, AND OTHERS.

It may have escaped the observation of some, that three weeks since, on account of the extraordinary high price of paper we announced that hereafter the CLIPPER would be, for the time being, sold at Six Cents per copy, instead of four, as heretofore, but that our advertising rates would *remain the same*. For reference, and to facilitate business, we therefore append a schedule of rates:—

Single copy of the Clipper.6cts	Subscription for 6 months..$1 50
To Wholesale Dealers....4cts	Subscription for 4 months. 1 00
To Retail Agents,.....4½cts	Club of Four 10 50
Subscription, per annum..$3 00	Club of Eight.....20 00

In all cases in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS, 12 cents per line for each and every insertion; a liberal deduction, will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication, Tuesday of each week.

Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday if possible.

$500!! $500!!

CHANCE FOR STORY TELLERS!

$500 FOR THE BEST STORIES.

To be Adapted Expressly for the Readers of the NEW YORK CLIPPER.

In the absence of any greater inducements to bring out the talents of story writers, we hereby offer the sum of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the three best stories which may be handed in to us by the 15th of March, 1863. Two hundred and fifty dollars will be given for the best story, one hundred and fifty dollars for the next in order of merit, and one hundred dollars for the third best. They must be written expressly for our columns, and to suit the tastes of the readers of the CLIPPER. We don't want any war stories. The stories must "open rich" at once, with the interest commencing at the start, and continuing to the end. The plot must be well laid, altogether original, with plenty of exciting and thrilling incidents—in a word, they must be fast stories, for a fast people. Each story must run thirteen weeks, to occupy the first page of the CLIPPER each week. We don't want any of those stereotyped, namby pamby stories which are manufactured now-a-days by steam, and sold by the cord, or ton. We want something fresh and exciting. The cash will be paid to the successful competitors as soon as the decision is rendered, which will be in time to commence the first prize story in the first number of the Eleventh Volume of the CLIPPER, commencing April 18, 1863.

The award will be made fair and square, without the least partiality or favoritism, and in accordance with the principles which guided us in awarding our first series of prizes in the year 1859, two of which were taken by parties of whom we had never even heard before, and whose names we did not see until a decision had been made. The editor of the CLIPPER will himself decide the question of superiority, and hand the money over to the successful authors. Stories not successful in taking a prize, will be at once returned to their owners, or purchased at a fair valuation, as may be mutually agreed upon. This is a BONA FIDE offer, and the money will be given if but three competitors enter. If but one should enter, that one will get the first prize, be his story good or bad. All communications must be addressed to

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor of the NEW YORK CLIPPER,
29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK, Jan. 5, 1863.

GETTING ANXIOUS.—Since the terrible and unnecessary Fredericksburg slaughter, there exists great anxiety to hear from friends and relatives in the army. We are repeatedly solicited to make inquiry concerning the different regiments and companies engaged in that bloody conflict, where our heroic martyrs were marched almost up to the cannon's mouth, to be mowed down like grass, with grim death staring them face to face. Would it not be well for officers of companies to send a list of those who fell in their country's cause, and thus relieve the awful suspense? We will help to facilitate means of communication with their friends, and publish the names, if the officers will forward them. To many, death itself can hardly be worse than being kept in a state of continual hope and fear. All soldiers, also, who have not writ'en since that fearful blunder, will ease many an aching heart by writing home, if only to say they are alive. By this means joy will be brought out of tribulation, and thanksgiving spring from despondency. We trust our appeal will not be in vain.

TEN BROECK'S WINNINGS.—By late authentic advices from England, we learn that Mr. R. TenBroeck has succeeded in pocketing the nice little sum of £4,059 or $20,295, through his transactions on the British Turf during the past season, exclusive of bets, standing about fourteenth in the grade of winners, Lord Stamford having been the most fortunate, £13,556, or $67,780 being his figures. Mr. TenBroeck's stable proved victorious in twenty-nine races, won by fourteen different horses. Among these, the American horses Olive Branch and Optimist have figured conspicuously, the former contributing $4,285 and the latter, $1,130 to the exchequer of their owner. Not bad to take, and quite a margin over the cost of their oats, any way. The stock of Lexington, numbering five animals, have won thirteen races, the winnings being £1,468 or $7,340, and of Lecomte, one animal, one race, winning but £50 or $250. Not a very brilliant contrast for Lecomte, but such are the figures.

THAT BUBBLE BET.—After all the talk, and all the betting about that "bubble bet" on the spelling of the word "Reindeer," we learn that the court of inquiry has preserved the honor of the British turf from turf scandals. After a minute inquiry, in which every charge and insinuation that could affect the fair fame of the gentlemen implicated was thoroughly searched into, the court have given it as their opinion that Col. Burnaby and Capt. Annesley have "thoroughly vindicated their honor." It has been found that there were no grounds whatever for the reports of certain clubs, and the inferences of certain journals. The Duke of Cambridge, before whom the proceedings and findings of the court were laid, gave to them his "concurrence" and "approval." "Stewart" seems to have been "left out in the cold."

SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE.—This is the title of a Christmas and New Year story, by Charles Dickens, just published by Peterson & Bro., Philadelphia, and for sale in New York by F. A. Brady, 24 Ann street.

"BUSYBODIES."—In a notice some weeks ago of a very popular boniface, certain ignoramuses, unable to read themselves, have started the Munchausen story that we represented his house as being the resort of gamblers and thieves. A more stupid, silly attempt to kick up a fuss never came under our notice. Such an assertion about any man's place has never appeared in our columns since the CLIPPER was started, and we beg leave to state that these know-nothings are entirely mistaken. If any person thinks himself wronged, our columns are always open for a reply, provided the language used be respectful and truthful. Let's hear no more of these "cock and bull" stories, invented for mercenary purposes.

NEW YEAR'S SPORTS IN CAMP.

IN CAMP, OPPOSITE FREDERICKSBURG, VA., Jan. 3, 1863.

FRIEND QUEEN.—You will doubtless pardon this presumption of your new correspondent; but knowing well the predilection that you, personally, as well as the many thousand readers of the CLIPPER have for every description of sport, no matter what clime or country it may happen in, we have "dressed up" a part of the New Year's doings of our boys, and have forwarded them to you, being fully impressed with the belief that they will be interesting to the friends at home of the brave lads who are now here occupying our "Canvass City."

The fact having some time since become apparent, notwithstanding their close proximity, that the "Rebs" have no desire to interfere with our peace and quietness, so long as we allow them to remain in quiet possession of the premises they now occupy, our able Generals, Burnside, Hooker, Sumner, and Franklin, having in view this same fact, did, on Tuesday last, issue orders granting full powers to their gallant commands to make such preparations as their judgment might dictate as would enable them best to enjoy themselves on New Year's day, and in any manner that might best please them.

All hands at once set themselves to "put their house in order" for the coming event. The day finally arrived. The sun rose clear and bright, the air deliciously warm. Nothing of an unpleasant kind or character happened during the day to mar the harmony thereof, all and everybody giving themselves up to unrestrained enjoyment. At every brigade headquarters something pleasant was arranged for, and carried out to the fullest extent, and every description of healthy and manly amusement was apparent, though it remained for the able brigade under General Ward, attached to General Birney, 1st Division 3d *Corps de Armee*, to excel all in variety, extent, and comicalities. We cannot, perhaps, in starting out to itemize the programme here, better commence our explanation than by giving you the written programme, which was fully carried out to the letter:

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ONE AND ALL.
WARD'S BRIGADE.

The management begs leave to announce to their comrades, friends, and patrons, that, having gone to considerable expense, their only desire is to be patronized. The scenery is truly natural, beautiful, and can't be beat; perfect ventilation has been secured, and on this occasion a number of talented artists, who "have been engaged regardless of expense," will appear.

SIX UNTAMED STEEDS, AT ONE TIME

In the Ring, will, with their undaunted riders, perform feats, which cannot fail to astonish, appal and strike with fear the beholder.

No physicians will be in attendance to furnish the principal Artists with *Sick Certificates*, and hence our patrons can rely upon it that the bill will be filled.

PROGRAMME.

1. Wheel of Fortune, open to all comers.....Prize $10
2. Sack Race, open to all comers.....Prize $10
3. Slushed Pole, open to all comers.....Prize $10
4. Wonderful feats of strength.....By Foreign artists.
5. Hurdle Race, open to all comers.....Prize $10.
6. Foot Race, open to all comers...1st Prize $10; 2d, 2.50; 3d, 1,00.
7. Fast Mule Race, best 2 in 3.....Prize $10.
8. Fast Mule Race, 1 heat, last mule in, the winner.....Prize $5.
9. Grand Equestrian Performance by the untamed Steeds, which will be ridden by Messrs. Cod, Wholloper, Gallipot, Rau, Hide, and Balls.

TOMOSITTI LEHIGH NOCKI.....Ring Master.
FRITZ.....Clown.

Doors open at half past twelve. Performance to commence at one o'clock precisely. No postponement on account of the weather.

By order of the Management,
MESSRS. LEHIGH AND PAFFY.

As announced, the bill was fully filled. The first piece, denominated "Wheel of Fortune," is none other than that a large revolving wheel is placed upon two uprights, some six or eight feet high; above this wheel is placed the prize to be reached for. As the wheel turns easy, and as the slightest movement could set it in motion, the effort to obtain the prize is one of much difficulty. There were some fifty or more entered for this prize but it was finally won by private Downey, of the 57th Penn., Regiment.

Your readers all know what is meant by a sack race and slushed pole. There were two trials of the former, six parties entering at each time, one of which was won by private Whitehead, of the 4th Maine; and the second by private Darkee, of the 57th Penn. Out of some forty or fifty who tried to climb the slushed pole, none were able to gain the prize. Hence the amount was divided between the two parties who reached the highest point—Privates Newcome, of the 3d Maine, and Standinger, of the 38th N. Y.

The wonderful feats of strength, &c., were burlesque feats of strength; walking barrels, dancing tight ropes, with some one on each side to hold them up; acrobatic and other feats; all of which were performed with a considerable deal of comicality, and created intense laughter.

In the hurdle race, some dozen entered. The prize was won by Private Sanborn, of 3d Maine.

In the foot race, nearly the same number entered, and the prizes were won—1st prize by Williams, of 38th N. Y.; 2d, Garrison, 40th N. Y.; and 3d, by Murray, 38th N. Y.

The fast mule race was won by Teamster Clarke, of the 4th Maine; time not noted.

The Scrub Mule Race—last mule to win—was decidedly amusing, the prize being awarded to Teamster Frink, of the 38th N. Y.

At this time, the bill being nearly filled, another sack race and horse race was improvised. Private Whitehead, of 4th Maine, and Therig, of 3d Maine, were the successful competitors. The horse race, best two in three, mile heats, was in no wise of a burlesque character, but a straight, fair, open and honest run—no jockeying. The winning horse is owned by Lieut. James M. Linnard, A. D. C., on General D. B. Birney's staff; entered by Crockett, Wagon Master of the brigade, and ridden by Black Dick, a servant to Captain Cooney, Asst. Adjt. Gen. on General Ward's staff. The mare won the three straight heats. Time not noted.

The last act, the Grand Equestrian Performance, for fun and jollity, capped the climax. As the riders, representing Mademoselles Tournaire and Zoyara, and Eaton Stone and other prominent circus performers, entered the ring mounted on basket horses, unrestrained and boisterous laughter convulsed the whole assemblage; and when the performance was over, many an aching side was the penalty paid.

This performance may be repeated at some future time. If it should be, we will advise you. In the meantime, we would suggest to some enterprising showman to watch closely when the participants in this show's time of service to Uncle Sam is out, in order to make an engagement with the entire troupe; and should he do so, we guarantee a big thing.

Throughout the whole proceedings, which were witnessed by scores of our prominent officers, the utmost hilarity prevailed. Nothing of any kind or character happened to mar the harmony of the occasion. In fact, all retired pleased, delighted, and anxious for a repetition of the same show.

We have other amusing incidents to relate respecting this day's proceedings, but fearing this is already too long, will defer them until some later period. Yours Truly, PIPES.

A VOICE FROM THE RANKS.

THE DAWN OF DAY—OLD SOL AND THE CAMP FIRES—THE MANLY ART OF SELF DEFENCE—ITS BENEFIT WHERE DEADLY WEAPONS ARE PLENTY—FISTIOLOGY IN AN ARMY VIEW—A SOLDIER'S BURIAL—OFFICERS CAUGHT NAPPING—THE CONDITION—TALK BETWEEN UNION AND REBEL PICKETS—THE MOUSE COMING TO THE MOUNTAIN.

1ST NEW YORK (INFANTRY) VOLUNTEERS,
Before Fredericksburg, Va., Jan. 5th, 1863.

DEAR CLIPPER:—Talking about the "Ring," I don't see anything of that sport that comes up to the style in which we have it in the Army of the Potomac. A scene which outdoes Farnborough may be witnessed daily or nightly, on the famous plains of Fredericksburg, or from the barren hill-sides and little naked dells where we soldiers of the Union "friz' and thaw alternately. The combatants are the aggregated smoke of our uncounted camps and "Old Sol," regularly relieved, when put *hors de condition*—by "gentle Luna," who by the bye has become an intensely wicked little beldame and fights for supremacy with all the ardor of a virago. As a general thing the contest is the livliest just at dawn, when the villain drummers stir us out of our ranches with their infernal "reveille" which actually does appear a goblin *revel*, just as if a satanic crew had gathered the bones bleaching on every battle-field and were delivering a frightful "castinet," to remind us, that we, too, are candidates for bleaching. In short, the horrible din recalls the quaint language of the adorable Shakespeare, in his Tempest: "Hell is broke loose and all the devils are here." In these matin encounters between the sun and the smoke, the former generally has the worst of it, getting it rough about the "lug" and sometimes being knocked "clean off his pins" and out of the "ring" entirely.

FISTIOLOGY IN AN ARMY VIEW.

But—the foregoing vile attempts at humor aside—the "Manly Art of Self Defence" is in high repute in every corps of the army, and in none more than this; and I may say, in no member of any corps more than in the First New York. If practical fistiology is regarded as an *accomplishment* in "civil society," it is a necessity here, and *humanity* demands its institution. Where instruments of destruction lie around loose so abundantly, no one need be told that the lack of this other conventional mode of arbitrating difficulties would enure in bloody murder. We soldiers understand this fully, and the wretch who would snatch a rifle to sustain himself in a quarrel with his comrade, would stand a fair show for instant lynching in this regiment. If things have arrived at that nasty bloom of perfection that violence is budding, let them "peel," and to it bravely!

ITS USES IN CAMP.

Thus, any fellow too full of fight to wait for the next combat with Johnny Reb. is relieved at once, with no consequences more serious than a bilged olfactory, and no expenses whatever, as Drs. Howe and Benedict charge no more to plaster an obscure "peeper" than to amputate both legs. Thus, all manner of "scores" in which honor is involved, may be adjusted, and I have known fellows—and not privates either—who even footed the "sock" with the sutler, by "socking" the sutler himself. Thus, too, injuries not precisely involving honor may be wiped out, as, for instance, in a case of appetite, where a fellow thinks he suffers an injustice in beans or bones at the hands of the cook, and will not take the cook's explanation that it is the Commissary Sergeant who is guilty of the baseness, he can, as the lawyers say, "have recourse" at the cook, and "recover" by "punching" the cook's "bread-basket," or "get punched" himself. And all this without bloodshed in its criminal definition, only, perhaps, an effusion of what is technically termed "claret." Talk of "garroting" to a soldier of the Potomac, wud yer—if any of them ere coves as lives by that game would garrot a "blue blouse" who has seen service, he must wait until he catches him already "garroted" (choking) by "extra tots." When he can't use his fists, you can get him, not otherwise, "if the court knows itself."

A SOLDIER'S BURIAL.

On the 30th ult., first after "retreat," when

"Comes still evening on
And twilight grey doth in her sober livery
All things clad,"

we committed to kindred clay the remains of Sergeant Richard Robertson of Company G., a gallant, warm hearted young Scotchman, to whom the whole battalion was attached. The hardships and privations of the Valley Campaign and the over exertion of the battles of Bull Run and Chantilly, where he acquitted himself after an heroic fashion, escaping narrowly the instant fate of the battle field, to die slowly of disease, were what did the business for him. He died of chronic diarrhœa in the regimental hospital at Camp Pitcher, afar from home and mother; but, though,

"There was lack of woman's mourning and there was dearth of
woman's tears,"

the hearts of his fellow soldiers heaved the fraternal sigh. His funeral, although celebrated in the rigid form laid down for his grade, was so universally attended by the command and was marked with so much and so unusual of a solemn style, that on its progress to the grave it was frequently mistaken by observers for the funeral of a distinguished officer—a mistake in no sense great, as poor Dick, had he what he merited, would have been an officer of no mean rank, and no man could possibly be more distinguished by what should make manhood respectable—honor, bravery, brotherhood. Of all the clever spirits that the land of "heather bloom" has given to Columbia, none better or braver ever bid

"Farewell old *Coilas'* hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales."

A REVIEW EN PASSANT—"SOME SPORT."

Last Thursday a Division Review was in order and all the troops of Kearney were under arms throughout the day. On such occasions the soldier appears in his best, as clean as water will make him, his toilet the choicest in his knapsack, (*mem*, sometimes, and most of the time he can't bless himself in more than one shirt, and has not time for that,) his hair cropped short, his whiskers shorn and set much *a la militaire*, his brasses polished and his bayonet bristling. The occasion in question was notable for a singularity. General Stoneman, in command of the corps with his entire staff, and General Birney, in command of the division, with his, and all the Brigadiers' with theirs, and among the last let me quote the popular Gen. Joseph E. Carr, quondam base drummer in Dering's (Troy, N. Y.) band—a perfect cloud of officers—rode round every company of very regiment on the field, halting before each captain, whom they be-deviled after this manner:—

GENERAL STONEMAN.—"Are you in command of this company?"

CAPTAIN, petrified, looking, in fact, as though the day of judgment had "arriv shuah"—"I—yes, sir—that is—I am."

GENERAL—"How many men have you on the ground, Captain?"

CAPTAIN, recovering, and with assurance—"Forty rank and file, sir."

GENERAL—"What do you mean by 'rank and file?'"

CAPTAIN, hesitating again, and perplexed—Rank and file? Why, I mean—I don't know, sir."

GENERAL—"You tell me you have on the ground 'forty rank and file,' and when I ask you what you mean, you tell me you don't know. And," riding off, "you are in command of this company."

This you may take as one instance of the utter confusion of company commandants, produced by a little questioning, but there were many others as pitiable, where the General asked for the simplest statistics of company disposition, such as:

What is the total strength of your command?
What is the present strength?
How many enlisted men have you "absent sick?"
How many sick in Division, Brigade, and Regimental Hospital?
How many in quarters exempt?
How many men absent with and without leave?
How many on extra duty?
How many on special detail?
How do you account for the balance?
Not a few were "stuck" on this interrogatory:
For how many men do you draw rations?

The truth of the matter is, General Stoneman struck a vein of rare sport by this "descent" on the shoulder straps. Hardly any of them are as vigilant and industrious looking after the interests of their men, as they are after their own comfort and benefit, or studying and discussing the political news, and of course, they were mostly "sold" when he came to "barn-yard particulars," which are all left to those miserable devils—the first sergeants. As for the appearance of the troops at this review, nothing could be finer, and I understand the First came in for a most handsome encomium.

"THE CONDITION."

The "condition" in front is as "ante-bellum," only the pickets along either bank are more sociable, holding quite interesting *teges-a-tete* at all hours. One of our Dutchmen lately recognized a comrade of the "vaterland" on the nether bank, when the following colloquy ensued:—

"Mein Gott! Gotleib, ish dat you?"

"Yah," was the reply. "Mein Gott! ish dat you, Hans?"

"Gotleib," again vociferated *our* Teuton, to whom the "status" of affairs occurred, "you ish one tam Rebel!"

"Oh, de tiful!" responded Gotleib. "And you, Hans, ish one tam Yankish!"

THE MOUSE GOING TO THE MOUNTAIN.

It is said that the Rebs., getting tired watching for us to come to them, are constructing rafts to bridge the river, so that they may come to us.

So mote it be.

But this already is a considerable discharge of

SPHERICAL CASE.

THE SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE THAMES.—Quite a controversy has been going on for some time in England on this subject, Robert Chambers of Newcastle, and G. W. Everson of Greenwich, being the parties immediately concerned in the aquatic set-to. Chambers thinks he should have travelling expenses allowed to London; the opposition thinks not, and on this hangs a tale of no moment to us, except that the progress of sport has been subserved, and that they are now all but matched to row in April. We should hardly have alluded to the matter, had we not wished to refer to the now latent subject of the Championship of the World. The Chambers above named, is the individual, as CLIPPER readers well know, who was to have met our then Champion Ward, about two years since, but limped out of the affair by lame excuses. Ward has since been beaten by Hamill, but it is probable that during the coming summer he will endeavor to retrieve his lost laurels, but both are at present "laying low." There is a third Champion, he of Australia, also keeping very "mum," and, we believe, enjoying his *otium cum dig.* somewhere within the confines of Britannia. Here we have them, five fine fellows who can feather their oar, and between whom there is but little to choose, each of course having "hosts of friends," but about equally divided. Now for the momentous question. Why cannot these high pressure propellers have a regular international contest for the Championship of the World, for a good round sum, and, if you please, a cup or belt commemorative of the event. It would be of far greater interest, more decisive and satisfactory, than a race between two only, even supposing that each of the two should have beaten the others at some previous time, because wind and tide will be more or less favorable to this or that one at different places and seasons. Now is the time to talk up the matter, so as to be fully ready when it is time to act. Suppose it was to take place on one of our lakes, that each should row a race with all the others, and the winner of the most events to hoist his colors as Champion, and take "the pot." In addition, some of the other first class oarsmen might take a hand in, and then what a regatta we should have. The boatswain calls "away there jolly boat boys!" Shall we have a response, and who will be the first to pull up for the start? We believe a fortune would be subscribed in this country alone, to reward the winner of such an event. Will our friends on t'other side lend a helping hand in the matter?

ON THE ROAD!—LIFE AND DEATH!—Sunday, Dec. 28th, was such a magnificent day, that staying at home was out of the question entirely. Bill Clark wouldn't; Jack Bath couldn't; Colonel Mike didn't, and Billy H., shouldn't. Consequently light wagons were ordered from Norris's, Pat harnessed up the mares, and in a few minutes the whole party were dashing down Broadway for the Hamilton Avenue Ferry. This crossed, away they rattled, neck and neck, without any advantage either side. The first stopping place was Ed Bennet's, at Bay Ridge, where sundry glasses were looked through. Then off for Bill Clarke's country residence, and so on along "Long Island's sea-girt shore," way up past Fort Lafayette, and the fates alone know where they wouldn't have gone but for fetching up at a brook about two feet deep, when the horses wouldn't face water. Retracing their route, they passed the Fort Hamilton hotel, giving a look in at George Smith's, then over hills, vales, and fields—a short cut to Brooklyn. Here the boys surprised Mrs. Jem Giddings by the string of light wagons that galloped up to the door; Jem wasn't at home, or he might have joined in and gone, too. After crossing the ferry, Mike Trainor's establishment was pitched upon, and Mike had to go along. In another half-hour they were at Jersey City, making for Ed Wilson's as fast as their trotters would allow—by four, the Woodbine's roof covered as gay a set of sports as you'd want to see. All was mirth and hilarity—but a sudden change comes like a thunderbolt over every countenance. A man is shot! One of his comrades begs of all present to visit the poor fellow. They did so, and it would make the stoutest heart melt to see the anxiety and remorse expressed on every feature among that group of pugilists. Vain were their efforts to help him—it was too late: a ball had entered his heart, not a spot of blood was visible, and he laid as calm as if only in a sleep. He belonged to a regiment quartered at Weehawken, and while engaged good naturedly fooling with a pistol in the hands of a superior officer, the weapon went off and he was sent into eternity. The scene was a very impressive one, and the party rode home without hardly exchanging words.

"HOMEWARD BOUND!"

A TRIP FROM LIVERPOOL TO NEW YORK ON BOARD THE GREAT EASTERN.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY OUR CABIN BOY.

LIVELY WORK—ANOTHER BLAST AT EMIGRANT SHIPS—A GOOD IDEA—"CLOAK ROOMS"—HOW I ESCAPED OBSERVATION—GETTING READY TO START—A SPREE—EMBARKATION—POOR PADDY IN DEMAND—LOADING THE BIG SHIP—OSTRICHES AND SHETLAND PONY—THE SIGNAL—"WE'RE OF!"

You'll hardly believe me when I tell you that two days and a half was the extent of my stay in Liverpool, and if anybody could see more in that short space of time than I did, they'd have to get up before the break of day to do it. Yes, I left Birmingham at 6 A. M. on a Wednesday morning, reached Liverpool at 1 30 P. M., and at 8 o'clock Saturday morning was down on Prince's Pier, waiting for the steam tug, to go aboard the Great Eastern, which was to "carry me back to old Virginny," as Billy Newcomb used to sing in Germany. Quick work, wasn't it?

"No more sailing vessels for me" has run in my head ever since the memorable fourth of September, 1861, when I started on my trip "to see the sights of London town." No more hog-pen arrangements like those of the Plymouth Rock, with it's stinking water, salt junk, dried fish, etc., and "cook your own victuals" arrangement, with one old broken down stove for twenty-six passengers. No, no; experience completely sickened me of "fast-sailing clipper ships." They're played out entirely. I feel just in the humor to burst out again and expose the whole caboodle of 'em, as was done before in the series of letters entitled "A Trip to London by Sail: Impositions of Shipping Agents: Impositions on Ship-Board," commenced in the CLIPPER of November 30, 1861, and finished in the paper of December 28, to which you can refer if you want to know the rascalities practised on board these emigrant ships. Of whatever is said there I take back nothing; on the contrary, am prepared to give affidavit to every word. It's pretty strong language, but the agents can easily learn who "One of the Victims" was without going further up town than the City Hall. I've done all in my power to have the public understand these agencies as they really exist, and in their proper light. If our government has not already appointed officers expressly to "look into things" on ship-board, it's high time they had. Having had a little growl, which has relieved me considerably, I'll get on the track again.

To save expense and trouble, that big box was left at the Lime street station depot until the time arrived to cart it down to the big ship. How much do you suppose they charged me for bed and lodging for Mr. Trunk two days and a half? You could never guess in the world. I'll tell you; just two-pence, or four cents! It was the cheapest "two-pennuth" of anything I ever got in my life. The railway companies in England have what they call a "cloak room" at every station, where, by paying this trifling sum, you can leave the biggest chest or smallest band-box—it's all the same—for three days. It doesn't do to lose the ticket, however, or "good-bye valise" until the police have been consulted, and you made to enumerate three-fourths of what the aforesaid box contains. With what relief did I walk out of that depot, untrammeled by the first bit of luggage except four lithographs of Pony Moore, the Minstrel. If you had seen me rushing along the first street as though acquainted with the whole town, (I'd never been in it before) to avoid the Liverpool Arabs, you couldn't resist a hearty laugh. In vain did the boot blacks holler, "shine yer boots, sir—for a chaw o' tobacker, sir—'ere you are, sir—polish 'em up!" and the professional beggars drawl out in piteous accents, "Please gie me a copper, yer honer," with other salutations—none of them heeded, but on went your Cabin Boy, until quite out of breath with fatigue. That was on coming to Liverpool, about which you ought to have been informed before but for my forgetfulness. Now we're supposed to be leaving the town, "perhaps for e-v-e-r," as the lovyers say on parting.

I had purchased a ticket on Thursday at the Great Ship Company's office in Old Hall street, or Old Albany—darned if I don't forget which—and that guaranteed the "Plymouth Rock Bird" berth 5 in cabin 10, second cabin, at a tariff of $65. Little trouble was left, therefore, but to get things ready to be sent out to the Great Eastern, then lying about half a mile lower down than Prince's Pier, from whence the tugs were advertised to take us aboard. Happening to get acquainted with a couple of young fellows, brothers, named Henry and Edwin Nicholas, from stopping at their house, my position was not like that of a stranger; they kindly saw to hiring one of Tetley's draymen to call at the depot for the luggage, and attended to other little necessary matters. While the cartman was looking after things we three were doing the grand by riding in an open barouche ("when shall we three meet again?") and creating quite a flutter among the crowd assembled on the pier by our mirth and hilarity. We couldn't resist calling in at Alex Henderson's for a glass cocktail, and perhaps somebody got one too many; anyhow, I felt pretty good. Everybody was wondering who we were, and once or twice I thought the "bobbies" were going to arrest us for keeping up "bonfire night." That *would* have been a fix, to lock a fellow up, and let the Great Eastern go away without me, wouldn't it? Luckily, they didn't. What made it even more amusing, was when the trunk arrived with a big label outside. At this time everybody was talking about the great Queen's Counsel's skedaddling, and being of the same name, the sawies stood gaping at me like so many scare crows. In half an hour or so afterwards, me and that cursed box were on the tug. After making arrangements to salute one another when the steamer passed Prince's Pier, we took our last farewell, and separated.

In fifteen minutes more our tug had steamed alongside the Great Eastern, waiting to unload. Everything was confusion. The gangway connecting the tug with the ship was a mighty shaky one; it seemed like going to the top of a six story house, and if the girls didn't show their stockings, I wouldn't say so. How could *they* help it, poor things? *You* wouldn't expect a person to keep his eyes shut at such a time. Neither did the ladies themselves, for they enjoyed the fun as well as the fellers. It was out of all reason to attempt to carry luggage up that gangway. Nobody but a Liverpool Irishman could ever think of such a thing. "Faith, and what should we do but for poor ragged Pat?" No, sir; passengers were glad to give any price to get their luggage aboard, no matter how, so long as it was got on the ship, and the sons of Erin made more money that day than they could earn in a week at their profession, by carrying the hod. I thought my bargain with Dennis Mulroony dirt cheap, to carry the box up for "five bob." Be jabers, nobody who reads this would care to attempt it for five dollars, I'll bet. Every one expected Dennis would tumble into the water "and the trunk go tumbling arter," as he shouldered it preparatory to mounting the ramparts—in fact, one fellow did fall overboard, and barely escaped with his life: a bad beginning for a voyage by this unlucky vessel. However, Dennis managed to work his way up, and got rewarded with a round of cheers by his fellow-stevedores and the passengers. Having got everything of mine on board, nothing was left but to watch the others going through the same manœuvres. It took about a dozen trips for the tugs ere all were on board, some 1400 souls, with baggage to boot, and all this time gangs of men were busy stowing away freight through the port holes, for the ship hadn't been in long enough to get things in proper working order. Considerable fun was created when hoisting a Shetland pony belonging to Mr. Morrison, of Hudson street, a member of the 79th Regiment Highlanders, who had been to the Shetland Islands expressly to buy the animal for the use of his children—and also while getting a couple of ostriches up the gangway, belonging to another of the passengers. They were all got up eventually, safe and sound, and at three o'clock P. M., our 18 pounders were fired twice, as a signal for starting, and we were off, amid the huzzas of the thousands assembled on little steamboats, gayly caparisoned with flags and streamers, to see us off.

BAD FOR JEM MACE, IF TRUE.—Some of the old sports and expugilists of this city and elsewhere are having pretty stiff arguments about Mace and King's last fight, one party strongly accusing Mace of a cross, the other equally vehement in giving King all the honors. Jem being the favorite at betting, they think he had a chance to make more cash by "playing possum" than if he won. Nobody, however, denies that it was a pretty nasty hit he got; at the same time, considering "no bones were broken," they declare that by proper nursing he could have shook off the effects if so inclined. Some folks believe that Sayers could have stood four or five such thwacks, and still worked them off. What is more strange, we have just received a private letter from a friend in London, dated Dec. 16, who writes, "In a pecuniary point of view, up to the present time, I think he (Mace) is equally as well off as if he had won, for the presents are coming in every week from some place or other. I wish you had been here on the day. I fancy you would have thought with me that it was all over, bar the shouting—in fact, you could nearly feel the coin in your pocket.....Charley Lynch is doing very well, indeed, at his "NEW YORK CLIPPER SHADES," in Church Lane, Whitechapel. I called on him yesterday, and he wants you to remember him to all the boys." The first part of this document may mean one thing, and may mean another. If those inclined to doubt the squareness of the late fight, will give their reasons in a communication, we should like to see a little controversy so as to get at the facts. Who's going to lead off—Blue Bird's Eye, Crawley Downs, or Charley Clifton? Come on, Macduff!

KEEPING UP NEW YEAR'S.—In order to pay our respects to the ladies, we couldn't spare much time for calling in at one quarter of the feasts so bountifully prepared by the sporting landlords for their friends, or anybody who should favor them with a look in. What few places we did visit, had "tables" fairly groaning with the good things of this life. Dave and William Hasting's respective hotels, with their long tables, bedecked with snow-white cloths, and "everything you could think of," were mighty tempting to the hungry soul, and many's the hearty meal we made, "without money and without price," from them. Izzy Lazarus' cosy little parlor was laden with dainties, and to sip sherry with the young, handsome-looking, matronly Mrs. L., and her pretty daughter, "Rosy," is indeed something to be proud of. Mrs. L. seems to possess the wonderful secret of everlasting youth, for really, in appearance, she grows younger instead of older, every day. Jimmy Burns, of Centre Market, Ex-Alderman Barr, of the Crystal, and all the favorite houses of call, were hastily surveyed, topping off with a look in at the Houston street hotels, Billy Clarke's, Jack Bath's, Harry Hill's, Jim Farrish's, Henry Sharp's, Solomons', Figzey's, Bob Smith's, Gorman's, etc. Everything went off like a rocket, and "who set the best table" where all were so fine, would be a hard thing to say. "A happy New Year to all!" particularly the ladies.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

From the Sporting Life, Dec. 24.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

JEM MACE AND THE UNKNOWN.—Many surmises are rife as to the Unknown, on whose behalf £20 was staked last week to fight Mace for the belt. Popular opinion has pointed to Heenan, but we have been assured, on apparently reliable authority, that it is not the Benicia Boy. However, all doubts will be removed on Friday, when the name of the Unknown has to be disclosed, and the preliminaries arranged for a fresh fight. Mace has not condescended to reply to Goss' party, and we suppose that that match must be looked upon as "off," which leaves the Champion of England in a very equivocal position. A report was generally current at the beginning of the week, that the Unknown will prove no less than Joe Goss, and it will by no means surprise us to find such actually the case. Jem Mace is still in the provinces, and takes a sparring benefit this (Wednesday) evening, conjointly with Jack Hicks, at the Canterbury Hall, Bristol.

SLASHING FIGHT

BETWEEN

YOUNG BROOME AND IKE BAKER (THE UNKNOWN,)

For £100.

On Monday, Dec. 22, Young Broome (Wm. Evans) and Harry Brunton's Unknown (Ike Baker) met at Aldershot, to contend at catch weight, for £50 a side. The fight created a modified sensation among the gentlemen who had a monetary interest in the success of Baker, while the friends of Broome manifested both more interest and confidence in their man, in consequence of his good trial with Tom King. both have been before the public for some time, as the following will show:—

William Evans (*alias* Young Broome) was born on May 12th, 1837, stands 5ft. 9½ in. in height, and weighed on Monday 11st. 4lb. He has fought three times previously in the P. R. In his first essay, he defeated Kangaroo, for £15 a side, in eighteen rounds, and half an hour, down the river, on March 13, 1858. His next battle was with a big 'un named Tom Roberts, for £25 a side, whom he defeated in thirty rounds, and 50 minutes, down the river. He also received £10 forfeit from Tyson, who could not get to weight, and £10 forfeit from Joe M'Gee. He forfeited £10 to Joe Goss. His encounter with Tom King, for £50 a side, on Monday, October 21, 1861, raised him highly in the estimation of his friends, as it was not until he had fought forty-three rounds, in 42 minutes, that King was declared to be the conqueror. In the fight with King, he injured his left hand to such an extent, that it was thought he would not be able to re-enter the P. R. as a combatant, but time and judicious treatment brought the damaged member round in such a manner that it was considered trustworthy. About the time his finger was pronounced able to stand a battle, Harry Brunton received orders to find a customer for Ike Baker, as an Unknown, which coming to Young Broome's knowledge, he expressed his willingness to make a match for £50 a side. A meeting was agreed upon, to take place at Harry Brunton's, George and Dragon, Beech street, Barbican, on Wednesday, October 22, when a "fiver" was staked, and a match made to fight for £50 a side, at catch weight, on Dec. 23. Almost immediately after signing articles, Young Broome went into training at Brighton, under the care of Ned Berridge, and took up his quarters at the Abergavenny Arms, Blackrock, where, although he took plenty of work for some time, he was compelled, in consequence of illness towards the latter portion of the time, to rest from active training, which caused him to be in the fleshy condition he showed on Monday. He arrived in London on Sunday, at Alec Keene's, Three Tuns, Moore street, Soho, under whose management he had placed himself, and was greeted on his arrival with a hearty welcome.

Ike Baker (the Unknown) was born on May 2, 1830, at West Bromwich, stands 5ft. 8¼in. in height, and weighs, when in condition, 10st 7½lb. He was originally a miner by occupation, but has for some years been attached to one of the great Southern stables to protect "favorites" when travelling, and to thump the "touts" at home. In the latter part of his business he has earned for himself a world-wide notoriety. His performances in the ring have been as follows:—In 1851, he beat Young Pugh, for £10, at Water Orton, near Birmingham, on June 9, after fighting 45 min. His next recorded battle was with one Tom Robinson, for £5 a side, in 1853, whom he defeated in *five* rounds, which lasted 7 min. On May 17, 1859, he met Dan Skeyte, of Walsall, at catch weight, for £50 a side, at Purfleet, when Skeyte proved victorious in one round, which lasted only 6 min., Baker being knocked completely out of time. Another match was made for £50 a side, at catch weight, in which Baker proved the better man, at Purfleet, on November 8, 1859, when he won in nineteen rounds, which lasted exactly 45 min., thus landing a good stake for his friends, who took the nice odds at 5 to 2 laid on his opponent. Several gentlemen, wishing him to have another trial in the ring, told Brunton to match him against Young Broome, if possible. That hero, finding this fact out, soon made a match, and the mill under notice was the result. The backers of the Unknown placed all the money at once in the hands of the stakeholder, thus putting it out of the power of Baker to cry a go, even if he felt inclined. The occupation at present followed by Baker takes him out very early in the morning, and gives him plenty of exercise; therefore, a few weeks' regular and strict work were all that was required to get him fit. Accordingly, about three weeks since, Baker adjourned to Mr. Stockler's, the Dog Inn, Whittington, near Lichfield, having Peter Millard, of Bristol, as his mentor, to whom great praise is due for the manner in which he brought Baker to the scratch. When he arrived in London, on Sunday, he quartered himself at Harry Brunton's, the George and Dragon, Beech street, Barbican, from whence he took his departure on Monday morning, with his backer, &c.

Alec Keene and Harry Brunton had the management of matters respecting the whereabouts for the encounter, and with praiseworthy tact they decided that, as the fight was originally made to suit the gentlemen, they should have a quiet mill to themselves. The day of battle was therefore brought forward from the 23d to the preceding day, and kept as secret as possible, so that nothing approaching a "rough" should be present. The station was not known until the evening of Sunday, and then only on application at Keene's and Brunton's, who only gave the office to the right sort. The current betting was 6 to 4 on Broome. In consequence of the difficulty attending making arrangements for a special train, an ordinary passenger train was chosen, and a trip down to the neighborhood of Farnborough was the route laid out. As the time of departure arrived (half-past nine), the London Bridge terminus was besieged by a number of hansoms, who arrived with their "swell freights" in great haste not to lose the treat that was expected to be in store. The combatants arrived at the station without any sensation. Baker arrived just before nine o'clock, with Harry Brunton and Peter Millard, in a four wheeled cab, and at once retired to the waiting room. At a quarter past nine, Broome drove up with Alec Keene and Long Ned, also in a close cab. The gentlemen arrived in good numbers up to the time of starting, and as the seats were taken several old faces were noticed comfortably ensconced in their carriages. Exactly at half-past nine (the appointed time), the train started on the route to Redhill, where the first pull-up was made, and the train then diverged on to the Reading line. Anxious looks were thrown at each place where "bobbies" do congregate, but not a vestige of one was seen till arriving at Guilford, where only one was seen, and he was evidently not in the "know," as he did not even look towards the train. Leaving Guilford, Ash was passed, and a stoppage was made at the North Camp at half-past eleven, where orders were given for all to alight. The "office" was given that it was all right a little distance away, when no time was lost in getting the ropes and stakes carried to a good spot for the mill.

After a walk of about half a mile, a field close to the railway was chosen, but on getting better acquainted with the locality, it was found to have been lately manured with loam. A removal of the "sticks" became imperative, and a wide brook had to be forded. There were only two available spots at which it could be crossed dry-footed. One was a plank bridge, on which a light-weight would be much safer than one of Daniel Lambert's proportions, as one or two of the latter got rather more than boot deep, owing to the pliable disposition of the aforesaid plank. Baker's backer was one of the unfortunates who could not keep dry-footed on this trap for the unwary. The other place was where a tree was bent across, forming a somewhat unstable mode of transit, and although those who went first assured those waiting their turn of the great safety, they themselves still clung fast to the projecting boughs. After going through some heavy and boggy ground, a halt was made in the corner of a field, under the shelter of some trees, and immediately behind a farm-house. No time was lost by the commissary and his assistants in fixing the ropes and stakes, while the inspector and his men looked after the interests of the inner ring, which was formed on the two higher sides of the ring, and was most decidedly well kept by the officials. All being ready, Baker threw in his cap precisely at twelve minutes past twelve, having Bristol Peter and the D'Orsay of the P. R. for his seconds. Broome was soon after him, having a celebrated ebony phenomenon amd the West-End Bung for his esquires. On tossing for corners, Broome won, and chose the higher side, and with his back to the wind. The colors of the men—a purple silk handkerchief with a yellow border for Broome, and a blue and white bird's-eye for Baker—having been tied to the stake, the men proceeded to complete their toilets. 5 to 4 was offered on Broome, which met with no takers. The referee had previously been chosen, and that official having taken his seat, the men were stripped to the waist, and exactly at half-past twelve they shook hands and stood up for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—When the men stood up in the centre of the ring, and placed themselves in position, a murmur only was heard all round the ring, instead of the confused sound of voices which had previously pervaded the scene of action. The condition of the men was critically examined, and the almost thorough want of preparation on the part of Young (or, as he is commonly called by his partisans, Bill) Broome at once detected. He had his usual massive width of chest and back, but the muscles were totally covered with fat, and his arms appeared scarcely to have any muscle worth mentioning, as his weapons of defence and attack were placed in position. He stood in a very good position, with the left arm well poised, and with his right in motion in a manner that proved he meant mischief, and that the right was his favorite hand of execution. Ike Baker appeared much shorter and smaller than Broome, but was in much better condition, and although the muscles of his back and chest were not so devoid of superfluous covering as they might have been, yet he was as hard as nails. His arms gave a promise of great strength and quickness, and as he moved his left the muscles rose and fell like bosses of metal and whip-cord. He has good loins and legs, and stood with his feet rather wide. His position appeared constrained and forced, from the fact of his left arm being held high, and the right across the chest close to the body. Broome smiled with confidence as he threw himself into a sparring attitude, while the aspect of Baker was very serious indeed. After a couple of feints on each side, made to ascertain the tactics of his opponent, they drew within range. Broome dashed his left viciously at the head, but only to be stopped by Baker, amidst cries of "Well done Ikey," from his corner. Broome followed up his man and feinted with the left very quickly, Baker breaking ground. They sparred for an opening until Baker tried his left, which was stopped by Broome, who retaliated by letting go his left on the lip, when he was countered on the mouth heavily. A couple of right-handers followed, Broome getting on the left side of the cheek, and Baker missing a well intended one on the jaw. They broke away after this, when blood was noticed from the lip of each, and claimed for Broome, but not by the seconds of Baker. As soon as they got within distance, Ike dashed in and tried his left at the head, but was out of distance; this he followed up with his right, when Broome shifted ground and avoided danger. Baker then planted his left heavily on the body, and Broome rushed to a close, but Ike ducked and got away. Broome would be busy, and forced the pace, when several heavy exchanges passed, Broome visiting the forehead, and Baker getting his right well home on the throat and the left on the nose. After this they fought to the ropes, when Baker slipped down. Time, 3¼ min.

2. Both were well up to time, Broome bleeding from the mouth and nose, Baker with a slight cut on the lip, and his face rather flushed. No time was lost in sparring. Broome commenced as soon as they were within distance by feinting with the left, but Baker got away cleverly, amidst the ironical shouts from his corner of "How about the old 'un now?" Both appeared rather at a *nonplus*, and sparred for an opening, during which Tom King offered 5 to 4 on Broome, and called out, "Hit him as you did me, Billy." Baker half delivered his left, but slipped. Broome tried to take advantage of the opening by sending a warm left-hander on the head, which was avoided by Baker jumping back and guarding wildly with both hands. Broome followed, and offered with his left, and as he advanced, trod on Baker's foot, but apologised for the same by saying, "I didn't mean it." To which Ike replied, "all right." The sparring was then renewed by both feinting and jumping back. On getting together, Baker delivered his left heavily on the nose without a return, drawing blood profusely. Broome followed him, but Ike retreated, and both were wild and short in their deliveries. They now sparred for some little time, when Baker visited Broome's nose with his left, drawing more blood; after which, mutual counters on the head passed. Broome pushed his left over Baker's guard, but without power; this brought on heavy exchanges; Broome getting on the cheek and Baker on the nose, the force of the blows separating the combatants. They soon again got within distance, when Baker feinted with his left, and dashed the right heavily on the body, Broome countering on the forehead with his left. Both were blowing from the pace they were fighting, and sparred for wind. On the renewal of hostilities, Baker was short with his left, but very neatly stopped Broome's return. Broome then missed with the left on the body, and mutual left-handed counters on the nose followed. Bill tried again, and was very prettily stopped, but he would be busy, and followed his man until nearing the ropes, when exchanges at rapid half-armed hitting ensued, until they closed; both then tried to get the best hold for fibbing, and each got on the stop. A struggle for the fall took place, which was gained by Broome, who was uppermost. Time, 13½ min.

3. Broome came up first when time was called, having his mouth and nose enlarged and bleeding; Baker was flushed, and had a red bump on the forehead and the left ear swollen. Broome was told by his seconds to make use of his weight, and force the fighting; he accordingly went to work by trying with both hands, but they were wasted in mid-air, as Baker was *non est*. Broome followed his man very eagerly, and missed landing a hot right-hander. They got together at the ropes, where scrambling half-armed hitting was the order of the day, until they closed, and Broome slipped down on his knees. Baker threw up his hands and smiled at the referee. Time 15¼ min.

4. No damage had accrued to either from the scrambling fighting in the last round. Broome again forced the fighting to the best of his ability, and left-handed counters passed like lightning; Baker visiting the nose, and Broome the forehead. Billy warmed to his work, and fought his way to in-fighting, when, after some half-armed hitting with the right, Broome getting on the left ear, and Baker on the side of the jaw, they closed at the ropes, when, after a short struggle, Broome was thrown, but not heavily. A very good judge and retired "ould" pug here backed Baker for a "fiver."

5. Broome, although he had been blowing in his corner, came up first, bleeding from the lip profusely, with his nose and mouth enlarged, and a tidy swelling on the left side of the jaw. Baker had no swelling on his face, but was flushed, and had a very red patch on the forehead. His left ear was swollen, and he also had a good lump behind that organ, which was not there at the commencement of the fourth round. Broome went to work at once, but found Ikey at home and ready prepared. He countered Broome heavily on the mouth with the left, as an equivalent for one on the nose. They then got together, but missed with the left. As they went in with their right, Broome got his home on the left ear, Baker on the side of the jaw. A scrambling rally followed to the ropes, where they grappled for a short time, when they both went down, Broome uppermost.

6. Both were blowing very freely as they toed the scratch, and Broome was still bleeding profusely from the nose and mouth, and was much swollen on the left side of the head and neck. Baker did not appear to be punished like his opponent, but he was much flushed about the forehead and left cheek, and his left ear stood out like an open door. No time was lost in sparring, for Baker jumped in and planted his left heavily on the chin and mouth. Broome retaliated on the nose, and bored in to half distance, when Broome planted his left twice on the side of the head and the right on the ear, and Baker got his right on the left side of the jaw. As Broome went at him, Baker went down from a slip, amidst cries of "Look out, referee, he's begun." Time, 19 min.

7. Broome was up first, and met Baker as he came from his corner. Active hostilities commenced by Broome planting his left on the forehead, making a deep cut. "Fight lower," cried Bill's accomplished seconds. Baker was short in his counter, when Broome rattled in with both hands, and forced Ike to his own corner, where some random exchanges with the right passed until Baker fell.

8. Broome, who was up first, was by no means a beauty to look at, but was full of confidence. Baker was bleeding from the cut over the eyebrow, and was flushed and anxious. Broome led off with his left on the cut, drawing more blood; repeated the dose, and then varied it by a swinging right-hander on the jaw. Baker got his left on the throat and his right on the jaw, but could not stall off Broome's attack, who went close and forced exchanges, which were much in Broome's favor. Baker, when he was forced to the ropes, got down cleverly. Time, 23¼ min.

9. Broome came up bleeding from the mouth and nose, Baker from the nose and cut on the forehead. Bill, who was very anxious to commence hostilities, in consequence of his want of condition, went to work with a will, and followed Ike until he neared the ropes, where exchanges with both hands passed, and a close followed, in which Broome got Baker's head "in chancery," and held him until Ike got the outside lock, and threw Broome.

10. Long time was taken, both men requiring great attention from the fast pace at which they had been fighting. They sparred until within distance, when Baker dashed his left on Broome's damaged nose, drawing more blood. Broome tried the double with his left, but was short with both. He would not be denied, and succeeded in getting his left on the mouth, and went to in-fighting, in which both were very busy, Broome getting home on the left ear with his right on the nose with the left. Baker landed under the left eye severely, and on the right side of the chin. They then closed, and, after a short tussle, the fall was in favor of Baker, who threw Broome, who was under.

11. Broome came up eagerly, but blowing like a grampus and bleeding very freely; Baker was flushed and swollen about the left ear and neck. Both were rather cautious, and sparred for wind. Ikey feinted with his left and got back. He tried again, and Broome got away; but a third attempt was more successful, as he got on the throat lightly, without any return. On Broome going to Baker, the latter, in rather too great a hurry, missed with his left, it only grazing the cheek; Broome, well within reach, sent home the left very straight on Baker's left eye, and then closing, a scramble took place to the ropes, when Broome got on the hug, but could not hold Baker very effectually, the latter getting down very cleverly. Time, 29¼ min.

12. As Broome came up, his left eye showed a hump beneath it, and his mouth and nose were very much awry, as well as bleeding freely. Baker was much flushed under the left eye, his nose very red, and left ear out of shape. Ike was the first to open the ball, and succeeded in delivering the left heavily on the mark, which called from Bristol Peter, "How about the 'gin-palace stuff,' eh?" Bill went to work with a will, and, despite a "warm-'un" on the chin, succeeded in getting his right on the damaged ear. Ike, when he found there was no denial, fought with a will until they closed, and a scrambling rally took place to the ropes, where Broome got on the hug, and held Baker for a short time; but Ike, very agile, slipped through his arms and got down. Time, 31 min. 5 sec.

13. Broome was first up to the call of time, his left eye going up very fast, and the punishment he had received showing more prominently than before, notwithstanding the quantity of blood he had lost. Baker was comparatively unhurt; and although Broome, in fighting parlance, had been "all over" him, yet so hard was Ike, from being in thorough good health, that, with the exception of the cut on the left brow, and from the right-handers on his left ear, he had scarcely a mark. Broome, as usual, was the first to commence business, which he did by feinting with the left at the body, and then planting the double lightly on the nose without a return, as Ike was short from Bill jumping back. On nearing each other, Broome pulled himself together, and dashed his left with great severity on to Ike's nose, from which the blood spurted instanter, making him "stand back." Broome, delighted at this hit in his favor, rattled in, and forced exchanges, which were of a very heavy description, until they closed, and the half-armed hitting was much in favor of Broome, who tried to grapple with Ike, but the latter, very "leary," got down.

14. Both were bleeding profusely as they left the hands of their seconds at the call of time. Baker's nose was much disfigured, and his left eye decreasing in its line of vision. Broome appeared about the same as before. They sparred until within distance, when Broome dashed his left on the forehead, and Baker, in getting back, fell. Time, 25½ min.

15. Rather long time was given before the men left their corners, but as no execution was done in the last round, there was no perceptible alteration in the effects of the punishment. Both, however, were blowing, and, as they walked to the centre of the ring, were bleeding very freely from the mouth and nose. On meeting, they countered with the left on the nose heavily, drawing more blood. This brought on right-and-left exchanges, until they fought in a rally to the ropes, when Baker fell on his back. Time, 26 min. 40 sec.

16. A long time was again allowed, and both men as they came up were blowing freely. The fighting in this round was more remarkable for the intention than the execution. Each was eager to take a lead, and they stopped for no sparring, but countered on the nose with the left, and broke away. On getting together, Ike dashed a straight left-hander on Billy's right eye, amidst the cheers of the Bakerites, who shouted, "You've put up t'other shutter, Ike." Baker tried the left again, but Broome was away. On returning to fight, Broome sent out the left at the head, which Ike avoided by slipping on one side. After sparring for wind, Baker was short with the left at the head, but got on the body at a second attempt. Broome missed with his return, when Baker countered him heavily on the mouth, and again visiting the body, broke away. After sparring until within distance, Baker, who had apparently found out the direct road, planted his right heavily on the body, and, as Broome went up, knocked him back with a straight left-hander on the throat. Broome was much abroad, and the few blows he administered in the close had no effect, and the round was concluded by Baker picking Broome up, and throwing him heavily.

17. Baker was the first to leave his corner, after repeated calls from the referee. He was bleeding from the nose and the cut over the left eye, Broome, who was soon after his opponent, presented a pitiable appearance, although the game fellow had a *smile* on his face. As soon as they faced each other, left-handed counters passed, Broome getting on the left eye, Ike on the nose. Broome forced the fighting until they closed, when he got on the "hug," and held him until he twisted Baker down, and they fell side by side, Ike's head hitting against a stake.

18. Broome was up first when time was called, and as soon as he was faced by Baker, commenced operations by planting his left on the cheek, receiving a straight left-handed shot on the damaged nose in return. Very rapid exchanges with both hands took place, and they fought all over the ring. Broome got his right on the cheek, Baker on the body. This continued until they closed, and fought very fast at half-armed hitting, until Baker got his right very heavily on the chin, and Broome fell weak.

19. The seconds of both were unremitting in attending to their men, each side being very chary in sending their man up first. At length, Broome responded to the repeated invitations of Bristol Peter, and left his corner. He was much punished about the left side of the face, and had his left eye nearly closed, and the loss of blood was producing great weakness. Baker was hardly hurt, with the exception of his nose being swollen, the cut over the eye-brow, and the left ear being puffed. After a short space of time occupied in sparring, Broome led off with the left on the nose, drawing blood freely, and repeated the operation a second and third time without a return. He followed Baker all over the ring, and was only hit twice lightly on the chest, which did not stall Bill off, as he closed and fought very fast, but very wildly, until he fell weak. Time, 45½ min.

20. After a very long half-minute, the men came up together, and as soon as they were within reach, Baker tried his left at the head, but Broome stopped him. In return, Bill got heavily on the nose, drawing plenty of blood. This led to exchanges, in which Baker got very heavily on the chin with the left, Broome retaliating again on the nose. This brought them to close quarters, in which they countered on the mouth and nose with the left. Baker then got the right on the chin, Broome countering on the nose, drawing more blood. Ike then steadied himself, and planted a "hot-'un" full on Broome's jaw, and fell. An appeal was made that Baker had fallen without a blow, but the verdict of the referee was to "fight on."

21. As soon as they toed the mark, Baker dashed his left on to the nose, drawing lots of blood; he tried again, but Broome stopped him cleverly. Baker, very busy, got his left fairly on the mark, which led to counters with the left on the nose, both shots drawing blood profusely. Broome dashed in to close quarters, when both lacked precision in their deliveries. Broome got on the "hug," the effects of which were nullified by Baker putting on the stop, and both were down after a short struggle, Ike under. Time, 50 min.

22. Broome came up first when time was called, and, although he showed undaunted resolution, was very weak, while Baker was apparently strong as ever on his legs, and comparatively unhurt. After some little sparring, Ike feinted with the left, and slipped from the counter; he then got heavily on the nose without a return, again escaping retaliation by "slipping" Broome, after which Baker returned to the attack, and delivered his left on the jaw heavily, and dropped on his knees as Broome rushed at him. An appeal was again made to the referee, but the verdict was as before, to fight on. Baker was again cautioned by the referee.

23. Broome, although weak and still bleeding freely, came up with great gameness. He was quite blind with the left eye, and the left side of his neck, jaw, and face much battered. Baker, with the exception of his left ear being out of shape, was still very strong—the cut on the forehead and left eye being discolored, but there appeared nothing the matter with him to hinder his fighting two hours. As they stood face to face, Broome gave a grim smile, but Baker looked glum and vicious. Broome, who obeyed his orders like a Trojan, went to work, and planted his left heavily on Ike's nose twice in succession, drawing blood in profusion; this brought Master Ikey to book, and a couple of exchanges with the right ensued—Broome on the nose and Baker on the chin and mouth. Bill then dashed to a close, when some wild, half-armed hitting took place, until Baker got down in a hurry.

24. Broome as previously, was up first, still bleeding profusely from the nose and mouth. Baker was also bleeding from the nose and forehead. No time was lost in sparring, Broome being very anxious to waste no time, before they countered with the left, Broome getting on the left eye, and Baker on the throat. This led to exchanges on the nose by both, and a wild rally ensued, until Baker fell on his back amidst the derisive cheers of the Broomites, who cried "foul."

25. Broome was once more up first, but much punished about the left side of the head; he was also bleeding freely from the nose and mouth. Baker, apparently was none the worse, with the exception of being out of temper. They sparred for a few moments, until Broome, perceiving an opening, went in and forced the fighting. Heavy counters with the left were exchanged, Broome getting home on the nose and the cut on the forehead, while Baker planted on the mouth and chin with great severity. The blood was pouring down both their faces, as Broome dashed in and forced exchanges, until Baker got down suspiciously.

26 and last. Baker came from his corner looking as savage as a baited bear. He was bleeding from the cut over the forehead and from the nose. Broome was very weak, and still bleeding, but very determined, and anxious to turn the tables. He went gamely to work by dashing at Baker, who met him with a left-hander on the chin, which steadied Broome, who, however, resolutely followed Ike, but was again met by another left-handed shot on the mouth, and on Broome again following Baker and offering to deliver, the latter went down to avoid. On the referee being appealed to, he at once decided that Baker had lost the battle by going down without a blow, and Broome, who had received the lion's share of the punishment, was declared the winner, after fighting 58¼ min. A scene of confusion arose; the friends of Ike Baker repudiated the decision of the referee, and were very noisy in their threats; Baker himself rushed across the ring with precipitation, and threatened to inflict personal chastisement on the referee, but luckily he was not able to carry out his threat. After a short time, order was restored, and the seconds returned to attend to their respective charges.

REMARKS.

Having laid before our readers such a detailed account of the fight above, a very few remarks are required. The friends of Broome were much astonished at the strong lead taken by Baker, who certainly surprised the greater portion of the spectators by the manner in which he "got on" and punished Broome. He was in admirable condition, and as strong on his legs at the finish as at the commencement, as was proved by the manner in which he got about the ring when Broome was after him. Young Broome did not fight anything up to the expectations of his friends; and it must be attributed, in a great measure, to his absolute want of condition, combined with his recent illness. His great loss of blood must have interfered with the power of his blows at the middle of the fight, but could not have prevented his hitting at the commencement. He assures us that he was struck very severely in the throat in the first round, and could not see his adversary for two or three rounds after. Too much praise cannot be awarded to Broome for the gallant manner in which he struggled under his difficulties, and he was the first to leave his corner nearly every time. Baker called upon us yesterday, and demurred to the justice of the decision, stating that "he was only cautioned once," and that "he was knocked down in the last round." He also complained that the verdict was not right in that instance, although it would have been perfectly correct at some previous juncture. Baker has only himself to blame, for Rule XIII. distinctly states "that it shall be a fair 'stand-up fight,' and if either man shall wilfully throw himself down without receiving a blow, *whether blows shall have previously been exchanged or not*, he shall be deemed to have lost the battle; but this rule shall not apply to a man who in a close slips down from the grasp of his opponent to avoid punishment, or from obvious accident or weakness." After being cautioned by the referee not to go down, Baker, unfortunately for himself, infringed the rule more than once, and has suffered the penalty. There is no excuse for his falling without a blow; he was strong on his legs, and was fighting an almost beaten man, who scorned to avoid punishment by getting down. We cannot but endorse the decision of the referee, who has in our opinion acted in a straightforward manner, and with the strictest impartiality. If there is blame to be attached to any one, that person is Baker, who must feel that it was not his place to lie down to an almost defeated antagonist. It is with great pleasure we have at length seen a gentleman who is capable of exhibiting sufficient firmness and decision at the ring side, as in the present instance, as well as in the late fight for the Championship, when the same functionary earned golden opinions from "all sorts of men." We will now conclude by hoping that Baker will take a lesson from the verdict given on Monday, and should he make up his mind to stand up, we do not know who is to beat him without it being a tight job. It is the intention of the friends of Baker to give him a benefit, which will take place shortly, and of which we shall give due notice. We are happy to inform our readers that Young Broome has quite recovered from the punishment he received on Monday, and, beyond the effect of the blows which he still shows, (in a great measure from his want of condition,) he is in a fair way towards recovery. He visited several of his friends yesterday, (Tuesday,) but returned home at a very early hour.

SLASHING MILL IN THE MIDLAND DISTRICT.

From the Illustrated Sporting News, Dec. 27.

On Monday, Dec. 22, at an early hour, the sporting men of Birmingham were all alive to witness the long-pending engagement between Bowey Taylor, an old pug, and Pat Duffy, a novice. Bowey has fought many engagements, and generally proved the victor. The following are a few of his achievements:—Beat Young Gardner, for £10 a side, 1h 20min, near Castle Bromwich; beat Harry Webb, for £10 a side, 2h, Nine-fields, near Birmingham; beat Toddy Baker, for £10 a side, 47 rounds, 1h 40min, at Long Reach, April, 1851; beat Jack Taylor, £5 a side, 25 rounds, 40min, at Water Orton, April, 1851; beat McGrain, £20 a side, 46 rounds, 1h, Water Orton, August, 1851; beat Wilson, £20 a side, 82 rounds, 1h, 30min, Water Orton, November, 1851; beaten by Morris Roberts, for £10 a side, 112 rounds, 2h 15min, at Newton, October, 1852: beat Evans, £5 a side, in 70min, Walsal-road, August, 1861; beaten by Blount for £10 a side, 45min, near Birmingham, Nov. 1861. We thus see he has brought off the principal events in which he has figured by sheer determination and hard fighting. Of Pat Duffy we have nothing to record, this being his first passage of arms. After arriving at the rendezvous, a ring was quickly formed, and at nine o'clock the men faced each other, but after contending gamely for near ten minutes, the police appeared, and a move became compulsory; a second spot was selected some four miles further on, but before hostilities could be recommenced, the obnoxious intruders aforesaid again spoilt sport, and a further adjournment was made to the neighborhood of Hodge-hill, several miles to the north, where it was hoped the "beaks" would let the game pass unmolested, and accordingly the belligerents again faced each other, and, to save time, left out the most useful appendages to a mill, the ropes and stakes; consequently the fighting was carried to all parts of the field, rendering it next to impossible, from the sharp nature of the fighting, to give every point in detail.

Round 1. Bowey led with the left, stopped, and finely countered on the left eye, from which the crimson tide issued (first blood for Pat). They got to "hammer and tongs" business, when Pat went down.

2. After tremendous fighting, Pat down.

3. Fearful round—"tooth and nail," Pat down.

4. Another slogging round, when they closed, and rolled over, Bowey under.

5. Very quick—all fire, Bowey at the finish getting his man down.

6. Tremendous fighting, Pat down.

7. After more hot work, Bowey got well on Pat's left optic, from which the ruby flowed. Pat down at the finish.

8. Right and left, all over the body. Bowey down at the finish.

9. On coming up both men looked somewhat distressed, but soon got to work. Tremendous fighting in favor of Duffey. Bowey down at the finish. £2 to £1 was now laid on Pat.

10. After another stirring bout Pat landed heavily on the chin, from the effects of which Bowey fell (knock down claimed for Pat, but not allowed).

11. Tremendous fighting. In the finish both down side by side.

12. Hard blows---give and take, something in favor of Bowey. In the finish both down.

13 and 14. Hammer and tongs. Pat down.

15. Terrific fighting, Pat getting well on the left eye, which at once puffed, a tinge of the crimson being perceptible at the finish. Pat down.

16. Both men now began to show the heavy nature of the exchanges in the last few rounds. They got to hot work; Pat again down.

17 to 20. Pat's generalship in getting down doubtless helped his cause, as he held on strongly, Bowey appearing a little shaky. They quickly got to work. In the finish, Bowey down heavily.

21 and 22. Heavy exchanges, both getting well on the mug. Bowey down at the finish. 5 to 2 was now offered on Pat.

23. After some hot and sharp work, Bowey got down, Duffey administering a blow on the jaw, at which a claim of "foul" was made by Bowey's backers, but not allowed, the referee considering it accidental.

24. Severe fighting; Pat down at the finish.

At this juncture our troublesome fellow-travelers came up, (to whom all were hoping we had "bid a fond adieu") and compelled a further cessation of hostilities. It was considered advisable not to prolong the contest under such persecution. A meeting was therefore ordered at the house of the referee, the Britannia, Lancaster street, at which Bowey appeared in person; Duffy by proxy, in the person of his backer, Mr. King, (to which some objection was taken) and a fixture made for Bromford on Tuesday morning.

LIVELY MILL IN THE MIDLAND DISTRICT,

BETWEEN

DICK FELLOWS AND J. COOK,

AT 8ST. 10LB., FOR £20.

Early on Tuesday morning, Dec, 16th, this engagement was brought to a satisfactory issue, notwithstanding the efforts of the "spoilers of sport." Both men are known in the annals of pugilism, Dick having fought a drawn battle of upwards of an hour's hard milling with Young Bodger Crutchley, in October, 1859, when the police put a stop to the proceedings. He subsequently forfeited to Cooksey, for £10. Of Cook, we have the following to record:—Defeated by Shelley, at Northfield, near Halesowen, for £5 a side, November, 1858, after a fight of an hour and a quarter. Subsequently, early in the present year, he was beaten by Kenny, the Shoeblack, after a fight of twenty-one minutes, near California. Long 'ere daybreak on Tuesday, the principal sporting houses in the hardware village were on the *qui vive*, and an early start was effected to the scene of action, near Rubury, Worcestershire, and on the road for Bromsgrove—a beautiful country. Having, without mishap, arrived at the celebrated "Cock," of fighting notoriety, an adjournment was made, and a plentiful supply of the *crateur* imbibed. It was now nine o'clock, but the usual delay attending meetings of the kind, enabled the Worcestershire constabulary to put in an appearance soon after the men had got into the ring, which was not until close on ten o'clock. The strong phalanx who guarded the ring, however, would not permit two solitary individuals to enter. The men, on stripping, were a treat to look at. The bright eye—the general criterion of health—and the wonderful perfection to which their respective trainers (Joe Wareham and Joe Faulkner) had brought them, were the theme of admiration all round the ring. At this juncture, an eccentric character, Bishop, the blind domino player, stepped into the ring, and offered 5 to 4 on Fellows. He was, consequently, witness of the mill, as he stood on elevated ground, and *heard* the thumps, as he described, with his eyes. Fellows won the toss for corners, and at once took the higher ground. Having looked good-humoredly at each other, and shaken hands, they stood up for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Not much dodging; Fellows, being anxious to get to work, tried his left with some force, which, alighting on the teeth, drew blood. (Claimed and allowed for Fellows.) They now got to fibbing, until both were down at the ropes, Fellows under.

2. On coming to the scratch, Cook looked rather serious; Fellows, on the other hand, smiling triumphantly. Dick again got to work, after some very pretty sparring on both sides by planting heavily on the chest, and was neatly countered on the mouth. They sparred all over the ring; Dick, who was ever on the watch for an opening, landing a terrific blow on the jaw, which caused Master Cook to make acquaintance with his kindred dust. (Second event claimed and allowed for Dick.)

3. Short and quick exchanges, Dick again sending his man to grass by a rattler on the mouth.

4. On coming up, it was evident neither man had been idle—both were bleeding from the mouth. Dick still forced the fighting, and, after give-and-take exchanges, landed a fearful stinger on Cook's left eye, which began to swell, and again sent him sprawling. 4 and 5 to 1 was now offered on Fellows, but no one had the hardihood to accept even these tempting odds.

5. Cook came up groggy, and did not appear at all capable of warding off the attacks of his brave and determined opponent, who went in right and left, and fought his man down in his own corner.

6. Dick, all alive, continued to hit where he chose, and succeeded in again disposing of his adversary by a straight right-hander on the jaw.

7. The game was now all in Dick's hands, who made play with right and left, and, with scarcely a return, fought Cook down at the ropes.

8. Cook's face now began to look very comical; Dick, as merry as a grig, got all over Cook, right and left, and it was evident his opponent was entirely at his mercy. Dick kept on pummelling away until he fought Cook down at the ropes. Time being called, Cook, who had not the remotest chance of turning the tide in his favor, being very weak, walked up to Dick, and proffered his hand, and thus Fellows was hailed the winner, after a quick fight of only twelve minutes. The average betting before the fight was 6 to 4 on Fellows.

REMARKS.—It must generally be allowed that Cook was pitted against too good a man; added to which, he wants stamina, perhaps courage likewise. He is undoubtedly a clever fencer, but this alone will hardly win him a battle with so good a man as Dick, and withal so determined a fighter.

LONDON'S VASTNESS.—There are three thousand eight hundred streets in London, which, if they were placed in a straight line, would extend three thousand miles, or twice the distance from Calais to Constantinople. If a person should undertake to walk through all these streets, and should walk ten miles a day, each working day, it would require a whole year, and meanwhile a new city, with from sixty to seventy thousand inhabitants, would be built.

THE LIGHTNING'S FLASH.—The message from San Francisco, announcing the capture of the steamship Ariel, was transmitted over the telegraphic lines from that city to New York in less than two hours, a distance of over 4000 miles. The dispatch was telegraphed from Sacramento to Chicago, a distance of 3450 miles, direct, that is, without being repeated at any intermediate telegraph stations.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from Page 315.

CIRCUSES.

seems that a couple of men had stolen $14,000, and gave it to Hugh Peoples, brother to Geo. Peoples, to keep for them. He, it appears, was not aware of the manner they came by it. When the robbery was discovered, the whole place was up in arms to ferret out the robbers, and the result was that the two men who stole the money were arrested, as well as Peoples, who had received it. They were lodged in jail for trial, but the mob broke into the jail, took Hugh out, and hung all three of them. Mr. Marshall, knowing that Peoples was innocent, attempted to save him, but the mob resisted his attempts to rescue Peoples, and in the melee pistols were fired, several shots taking effect in Marshall's arms. The mob succeeded in hanging Peoples and the two robbers. Geo. Peoples is in San Francisco, and vows vengeance against the murderers of his brother.

Gardner & Hemmings' Circus Troupe located in the National Hall, Philadelphia, continue to do a fair share of business. "The Sprites of the Silver Shower" was brought out last week; and it attracts the little ones as well as those of "larger growth." The benefit to Mr. Frank Whittaker, on the 5th, was well attended, and proved "a help indeed" to the *beneficiarie*. Quite a number of volunteers appeared, and the affair passed off very well. The following persons now comprise the company engaged at this circus:—Clowns, Dan Gardner and John Foster; Jas. De Mott, B. Hemmings, E. Woods, G. King, Herr Clinton, Chas. Shay, G. Derious, W. Hill, Little Eliza, Mad. Camilla, and Young Dan, the prodigious clown. The celebrated Conrad Brothers open on Monday, 12th. They are among the best gymnasts in the profession.

"Fun, fuss, and feathers!" That's what they call the force that stepped up for the benefit of the Melville Family of Mabie's Winter Garden, Chicago. See the names:—Dan Castello, the vaulter; Hi Marks, clown; Jas. Melville was to vocalise "for this night only," and Louise Melville, appear as *danseuse;* Messrs. Sharpee and Whitney were to appear in their "Ariodenamizacitarion." There's a tearer for you! The ben. came off on the 8th, with the whole company participating.

Messrs. H. C. Lee and S. C. Abell, well known California circus men, arrived in San Francisco recently, from Panama, and at once engaged Mr. Pridham to proceed to New York to engage material for a circus and two side shows for the coming season in California.

From Henri Rollande, whom we had cause to speak somewhat harshly of in our last, we have received a letter explanatory of his connection with the little poem which called forth our remarks. He says that the poem was presented to him last winter by Mr. Thomas Hanlon, Sr., who was then in Philadelphia, and stopping with them at Mr. Sam. Miller's hotel. Mr. Hanlon seemed to take a liking to the Rollande brothers, on account, probably, of their being engaged in the same line of business as his sons. He presented the poem to Henri, and suggested that they should have it set to music, and produce it as their own. They were about to do it, supposing the composition was that of Mr. Hanlon, but for some cause delayed it, and ultimately sent it to us, thinking it would do them more good (as they are young in the profession) by having it published in the CLIPPER. Mr. Rollande asserts that he never intended to practice a deception upon us or our readers, but as the piece was given to them as a fresh production, they sent it on for publication, etc. This is the substance of Mr. Rollande's letter. Enclosed in it, he sends us the written copy of the verses presented to him by Mr. Thomas Hanlon, Sr. At the end of the poem is the following:—"Founded on an incident in the present American rebellion. These lines, written impromptu, have never appeared in print. To Henry Rollande, from his sincere friend Thos. Hanlon." Now, having given the substance of Mr. Rollande's letter, we may take the opportunity to say that we would much rather do any one in the profession a service than an injury, and as we were imposed upon, we have no right to doubt that Henri Rollande was also deceived, especially as he gives us the name of the party by whom the piece was presented to him. We must do Mr. Rollande the justice to say that he did not *positively* claim the authorship, although it was sent to us so as to imply as much. He seems to have copied the words quoted above, from Hanlon's letter, in which it is stated that the lines "were written impromptu," etc., etc. Supposing that the poem had never appeared in print, and as it was given to him as an original production, he no doubt thought that he had a right to dedicate it to whom he pleased. It is possible that Mr. Thomas Hanlon, Sr., may have some explanation to make in reference to those "impromptu lines" he presented to his friend Henri Rollande.

Nixon having been compelled to pull up stakes at his Washington Circus, a greater combination of attractions was presented to his patrons at his Hippodromatic Temple in Alexandria, which was said to include three troupes in one. Among those performing there, were the Sherwood family, Jimmy Reynolds, Misses Victoria and Isadore, Mons. Rochelle, the Conrad Brothers, the Whitby family, Miss Elvira, Eaton Stone, and others.

Julian H. Kent, equestrian, now with the 9th N. Y. S. M., is at Belle Plain Landing, Va., suffering from an injury received at the battle of Fredericksburg. We have a letter from him, which is crowded out this week.

MUSIC HALLS.

Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh, Pa., has been doing a fine trade of late. A Christmas pantomime, gotten up for the holidays by O. S. Foster, seems to have taken well, and has undoubtedly drawn any quantity of dimes.

On the occasion of the benefit for the sufferers by the late fire at Ford's Theatre, which took place on Dec. 3d, at Grover's Washington Theatre, the event was well patronized by the fair sex, most of them being elegantly dressed. Agnes Sutherland and Kate Pennoyer, from the Canterbury; Mmlle. Zoe, Hernandez, and la petite Heloise, who represented the Varieties, were all most enthusiastically received by the crowded audience, who seemed to appreciate them all the more in lending a helping hand for so good a cause.

Kathleen O'Neil is in great force at the Washington Varieties. She did not appear on the 3d and 5th, owing to that teazer to vocalists, a sore throat. She nightly performs a round of six characters, in different costumes. Miss Eva Brent is also much admired for her sweet and impassioned style of singing, particularly her rendering of the McGregors' Gathering.

Miss Lizette, the lady jig dancer, is engaged to appear on the 12th at the Washington Varieties.

Dick Sands, the clog and jig dancer, has been very sick, which has prevented him from appearing at the Varieties, Washington, for the last few weeks. He is recovering, and will, it is hoped, shortly appear again.

Canterbury Hall, Washington, is going ahead in the way of getting the people in; they have capital houses every night. It certainly is a treat to hear Miss Sutherland; her singing much reminds one of the celebrated Miss Poole, the English songstress. Such stars as the sisters Augusta and Marie, Agnes Sutherland, the fascinating Kate Pennoyer, and Nelly Taylor, cannot fail to fetch 'em.

Miss Eva Brent appeared at the Washington Varieties on Monday, Jan. 3d, and was much applauded in her exquisite song, "When this Cruel War is over." Ward, the Cloud Swing performer, did not put in an appearance, although he was engaged, and advertised to perform. When a performer alters his mind with respect to fulfilling an engagement, the manager with whom he engages should be informed, as that saves them the expense of printing, besides the annoyance of disappointing the public. Ben Yates and Mmlle. Zoe grow nightly in favor. Sam Long, the Budworth brothers, Paul Berger, Miss Charles, Eliza Florence, Mlle. Geraldine, la petite Heloise, all come in for their fair share of applause.....Kathleen O'Neil and Uncle James Pilgrim are rehearsing some screaming Irish pieces, which are to be shortly produced.....A very laughable farce, from the pen of James Pilgrim, has been running all the week. It is entitled "Servants by Legacy," in which J. Budworth and Miss Charles play the funny parts. Business is tip-top; full houses every night.

It gives us pleasure to hear of the progress making by those little dancers, M'lles. Augusta and Marie. When we first saw them at our theatres in New York, we were favorably impressed with their appearance and abilities. They recently concluded a fine engagement in Pittsburgh, and are now at the Canterbury, in Washington, where they appear to be great favorites. They have been taught in the French school of dancing, and are among the best artists now on our boards.

At Beller's Concert Hall, Detroit, there are now engaged the following performers:—Misses Flora, Burton, Farrand, Le Claire, Julia Dawron; Johnny Boyd, Master Farrand, Josh Hart, T. J. Ryley, G. M. Miles, and Dan. Bushnell.

Miss Farrand and brother are in the company attached to Beller's Concert Hall, Detroit, Mich. They appear in solo and double dances. Their engagement closes on the 22d, when they return to New York. They have a splendid wardrobe and music, and sing as well as dance.

Dick Parker, of Parker's Varieties, Alexandria, Va., had a benefit at Liberty Hall on Saturday, the 10th.

The Olympic, Philadelphia, was opened on the 10th by Hernandez, with the following company: Mons. and Madame Marzetti, Mons. Madame and Miss Lehman, Mons. Szollosy, Grossi and M'lle. Martinetti, all members of the Ravel troupe; Moreste, the well known horizontal bar performer, Paul Berger, Frances LeRoy, and a full *corps de ballet*. Mons. Thiodon is musical director.

See here what an array of female loveliness Manager Aimes has gathered around him at his mammoth Continental Music Hall, in Philadelphia:—M'lle. Hélene, Misses Julia Price, Susie Summerfield, Maggie Nichols, Rose Smith, Kate Hughes, Amelia Kelmire, Kate Hamilton, Lucy Stone (Ah! are you there, Lucy?), Lotty Rogers, Alice Leach, Marian Smith, Lucy Hamblin, Caroline Miller, Elizabeth Curry, Anne Eldridge, Jane Wilson, C. Morton, L. Jackson. Truly a "Court of Beauty." Among the sterner sex are John Mulligan, Denny Gallagher, Andy Leavitt, Tom Vance, Bob Butler, C. W. Parker, J. Rivers, G. W. Smith and John Ritter. Keep up the attractions, friend Aimes, and you will keep up your business. The Continental is a great hall, and requires a great company, and we are glad to see that the manager puts forth such a large list.

Ernestine de Faiber, Miss H. O. Lalande, and Fattie Stewart are among the chief attractions at the Casino, Philadelphia.

Harry Leslie, rope-walker and pantomimist, has made quite a hit at Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh, where he is now performing. During the holidays, he walked the rope from the top of the Varieties to the top of the St. Clair Hotel; height about 60 feet, and length about 250 feet. He also made night ascensions, with "fire wheel accompaniment."

There's no choking Bob Edwards off, and we find his Gaiety Music Hall, Harrisburg, Pa., in full blast—with a new list of attractions, composed of Jake Budd, Jim Flake, Dan Howard, and Hollis, the double-barrelled singer *a la* Dora Dawron. He must be a new feller at it.

Canterbury Hall, Chicago, is supposed to have the best of every thing that can be got "for money" in the entire State. The Bordwells, singers, Gibbonoise, and other professionals are still on. M'lle. Annette, P. H. Seamon, and W. J. Mack were to close last week, and M'lle. Eloise, "blue eyed, bonnie," put her little foot down on the 12th, the occasion of her re-appearance.

Frank Rivers' Melodeon Troupe showed "for three days and three nights"—at Bryan Hall, Chicago, in the evening, and somewhere else in the morning. On Saturday afternoon a grand matinee. We notice no female names among them. Are the ladies to be left out in the cold?

Lea's Melodeon, Baltimore, keeps up its attractions. This week Signor Bliss, the antipodean pedestrian who walks head downwards, a distance of 55 feet from the ground, makes his first appearances there. Billy Cavanaugh, Irish comedian and vocalist, W. Herman, banjoist and Negro comedian, and Pony Smith, negro delineator, also make their first appearance this week; in fact, there is a host of fresh talent on the bills, and a variety of novelties to suit all tastes.

Great success of the new stars, Lew Benedict and Mast. Besson, is announced on the bills of the Metropolitan Varieties, Detroit, Mich. To hear of success is always gratifying, except in defying Uncle Sam. In addition to the above, Manager Bayless has with him, Messrs. J. E. Parkes, J. H. Carle, O. W. Blake, James Armstrong, Master Henry, Mrs. O. W. Blake, M'lles. Celestine and Estelle, Miss Victoria, etc.

Marietta Ravel, the Spanish *danseuse* and tight rope performer, appears at Beller's music hall, Detroit, on the 15th; she will remain there two weeks, and then goes to Mrs. English's new theatre in Boston.

NEGRO MINTSRELSY.

A minstrel company calling themselves the "Variety Troupe," and managed by Walter Bray, were playing at Watsonville, Santa Cruz county, California. Nellie Brown, Louisa Paulin, Ned Hamilton, Frank Medina, W. Bray, W. Sheppard, Charles Shattuck, and J. C. Hollingburgh, are the members.

Wood's Minstrels (Palmer & Co.'s) were at Wheeling 3d. Phil. Diefenbach is their "go ahead man." They go East.

Tom Craig, Negro singer, formerly of the Ordway Æolians, Boston, has returned to that city after an eighteen months' campaign. He was Orderly Sergeant in Company E., 22d Reg. Massachusetts Volunteers.

During the grand emancipation jubilee, at Tremont Temple, Boston, Jan. 1st, a couple of popular Ethiopian comedians of that city were in attendance, enjoying the scene, and taking notes for future reference. There were about 1500 of the dark persuasion present, and great was their joy on the reception of the proclamation. They shouted "Bress de Lord," "Glory unto Jerushlico," "Lord bress Preserdunt Linkum," "Free chars for de proclamashun," etc. We suppose those Ethiopian comedians will soon be ratifying the proclamation in *their* peculiar way.

Sam Sharpley's Minstrels are still on the track, doing well at almost every place where they appear. This week they open on the 12th at Lynn, Mass.; 13th at Milford; thence to New Bedford, Fall River, Providence, Worcester, etc., to Albany and Troy, and thence "Westward ho!" Mr. Sharpley is his own "business man," and superintends everything. He don't depend on agents any more than is actually necessary, knowing that a man's chances are the best when he works a little himself. In some cases, when a man succeeds, there can be found plenty to assume the credit; when failure comes, the manager himself is permitted to take the honors. So Sam looks to his own business arrangements.

That Massachusetts Wood Minstrel party found it wouldn't pay, so they wisely concluded they would suspend operations, and go into winter quarters. So says our Boston correspondent "Supercargo."

"Go way dar, white trash!" De bressed lambs are giving jubilees in honor of Massa Lincum's 'mancipashun speech, all over the country. At Utica, N. Y., there were two balls on the memorable 8th of January, one at Concert Hall, under the direction of Mr. Crumwell; the other at Mechanic's Hall, a fancy dress ball, with Nancy Whittaker as the leading spirit. What a fine chance for Dan Bryant or Eph Horn to pick up new wrinkles if it were not for the — you know what we mean. How are you, gunboats?

Samuel S. Sanford brought out T. D. Rice's humorous opera of "Bone Squash" for the first time at his Opera House, Harrisburg, Pa., on Wednesday evening, Jan. 7. It proved a decided success. The part of Bone Squash is no easy matter to perform, from the immense amount of singing to be got through, yet the three S's delivered his last *role* with the same "ease and grace" as the first. Mr. Brown as the Yankee Devil also is worthy of special remark. No danger of T. D. Rice's "living representative" playing off "indisposed," like the other great tenors or barrel-toned Italianos.

The "What Cheer Serenaders recently gave a benefit at East Providence, for the Soldiers' Aid Society.

Duprez & Green's Minstrels, at the Academy, New Orleans, were doing a trifle better, but business was not good. They gave an afternoon performance on the 1st of January, and the receipts footed up over $200. There was evidence of a large attendance for the evening. Lavallee and Bidaux had both been very sick for nearly two weeks, but were all right at last accounts, Jan. 1st, and were on the bills again. The minstrels were giving a burlesque representation of the recent fight between Tom King and Jem Mace, which seems to have met with favor. Having got mixed up in fighting matters, the people down South appear to take to it now in almost any shape.

There was a very clever minstrel entertainment given in the Baptist Church, at Beaufort, South Carolina, on New Year's Eve, by a party of the profession picked up from the different regiments now stationed there. Among the most prominent performers were the Messrs. Whittemore, of the New-York Vol. Engineers; Eddie, of the 6th Conn.; Charlie Gleason, of the 4th N. H., formerly of Morrill; Mayne (now Capt. Mayne) and A. Rogers. Charlie is big on a banjo solo. His "Dry Goods Clerk," and "Hilton Head Bars," took the house by storm. They called him out three times, and tried it again, but he wished them "a happy new April Fool Day," and they had to let him go. Eddie will make a good man in the "biz," if he keeps on. Ed. Whittemore is a pretty ballad singer, and George does good middle "biz." Gen. Brannan and Seymore, with their staffs, were present, and seemed well pleased.

Ethiopean comedy is daily growing in popularity; so much so, that we have now a star in the darkey firmament—Mr. John Mulligan—and he's a big star, too. See Manager George Lea's card in reference thereto, among our theatrical advertisements.

A party of minstrels, called "Wood's," opened in Masonic Hall, Pittsburgh, on the 9th. Gus Shaw and Tim Woodruff are in the party. They stay three nights. It is suggested that their jig dancer, Frank Wilson, use sand, instead of wet salt, hereafter.

Arlington's Twice Married—no, that can't be—it is an "ewaw." We "meant for to say" that Arlington plays in a piece called "Twice Married," in which he has made a straight hit. The troupe, Arlington, Leon, and Donniker's Minstrels, opened at the Metropolitan, Chicago, on the 5th, and continued through the week. Ed Kelly's "Macbeth on the Half Shell" is hard to beat as an "extravaganza."

They have been turning people away at Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels, Boston, so great has been the rush to see this excellent troupe. "New Year Calls" made a capital hit, and is kept on the bills this week. "Carriages may be ordered at 9:20."

Hooley's Minstrels are having a good thing of it in Brooklyn, where their hall has been crowded of late. E. Bowers' "Exempt Shaking Quakers" hit 'em hard, and the sketch of "Humbugthepublico" has also met with great favor. Hooley's is an institution in the City of Churches, and is well deserving of patronage.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Ned Kendall, the great bugle player, "who died long ago, long ago," has been sending a message from the spirit land to his friends in the earthly form, as he promised he would do if it were possible. As Kendall was one of the greatest buglers that ever lived, and as he was widely known, we have thought that his friends might not object to read what the great player has to say through spiritual media. He refers to that exquisite and difficult solo in "Wood Up," with which he used to entrance his hearers. This communication is truly asserted to have been received by a conference of spiritualists, and the passages in brackets are the remarks made by the chairman of this conference, to whom the dead musician is supposed to have addressed the communication. He says:—"I was somewhat celebrated as a bugler while here on the earth, and I have been told by those who were acquainted with my style of playing, that they could always tell when I was present at any place, by the sound of the bugle, although they could not see me. Now I profess to retain all my powers just as good as they were before death, and I profess to be able to exercise those powers, too. If my friends could recognize my individuality before death, I know no reason why they should not be able to do so now. Well, see here; suppose I have the power to take the instrument and produce a few notes. [I should think it would be the best proof of your identity and power as a spirit, that you could offer your friends in mortal.] Well, I have recently attached myself to a band of spirit-musicians, who are attendant upon a medium called Miss Lord. [Miss Jennie Lord? There are two mediums by that name.] I don't know, sir. [Do you mean the one who is at present in Quincy?] I do. [Then you have reference to Miss Jennie Lord, the musical medium.] Well, what I propose is this. If my friends will go there and furnish me with a suitable instrument, if I don't make my presence satisfactory to them, I'll give up. [I've no doubt but that your friends will improve the opportunity offered them.] I hope they will. Now they must be willing to conform to the conditions of that circle. I think they are not so rigid but that they can easily do so. [Would you like your own bugle to use on that occasion?] I should. [Do you know whether it has been preserved by your family?] Oh, certainly it has. Well, I promised to do what I could toward returning and making myself known to my friends, if I should find this Spiritual Philosophy to be true. [Would they not recognize you if you were to give them the solo in "Wood Up Quickstep?"] I think so. I'll pledge myself to do it, if they'll conform to my rules; and if I don't do it, they may say that Ned Kendall's dead, and hasn't power to return by the light of Modern Spiritualism. Well, my friends say they desire light, and I, for one, propose to give them all I can. Good day, sir." So much for the spiritual communication. Now, we hope the opportunity will be given for testing this spiritual business through the bugle of the lamented Kendall. He kindly offers to appear and sound his horn, and promises to give the great solo as he once played it "in mortal." We hope our spiritual friends will not keep us long in suspense, for we shall watch it with organ to see when the promised musical treat comes off, in anxiety to hear of the result.

It is said that a new panorama, the Life of Christ, which has been on exhibition at a small hall in Cincinnati, was painted by a young lady "only fourteen years old."

Having regaled the pious folks of Boston with a concert on Sunday, Madame Anna Bishop filled up the past week at New Bedford, Lynn, Providence, Hartford, Springfield, and Worcester, giving one concert at each place. She was to look in at the "sacred city" of Boston, again, on the 11th.

The Alleghanians, Vocalists and Bell Ringers, appeared at Harrisburg, Pa., Christmas, and at Wheeling, Va., New Year's evening, to good houses. At Steubenville they were obliged to turn away many who could not gain admission, owing to the crowded state of the hall. They go West, opening at Smith & Ditson's Hall, Cincinnati, on the 12th. Gov. Curtin (of Pa.) at Harrisburg, and Gov. Pierpont (of Va.) at Wheeling, attended their concerts each evening. D. G. Waldron is their agent.

The Holman Opera Troupe appeared at Zanesville 6th, 7th, and 8th. They go next to Cleveland.

J. Houdin, the "Prince of Magicians" (on the bills), was to appear at Wellsville, Ohio, Dec. 31st.

Carter's Zouave Troupe engaged Mr. W. B. Donaldson, the pantomimist and rope-walker, to appear in conjunction, and the whole party have done a good business at Harrisburg, during their stay at Brant's Hall. They closed there on the 10th.

"Parlor Entertainments," by H. B. Gates's company, were given at Scranton, Pa., on the 8th and 9th. From Scranton they were to go to Stroudsburgh, for two nights, then to Delaware, Pa.

On New Year's Eve, Mr. Train delivered another of his rambling, conglomerated lectures, before the Young Men's Society, of Detroit. There was a time when George Francis commanded every American's respect; now he's getting to be a bug-bear. Switch off, George, and talk common sense.

A large audience assembled at Corinthian Hall, Rochester, on the 7th, to see and hear John B. Gough. The affair was a complete success.

The Crawford Glee Club is the name of a musical organization in Boston. They expect to start shortly on their first professional tour.

Joe Crawford, comic vocalist; Joe Woods, negro comedian; Charley Titcomb, pianist (whilom of the Tom Thumb party); Glazier brothers, negro singers; are all members of Charlestown Artillery, 5th Massachusetts Volunteers, at Newbern, North Carolina.

Ossian E. Dodge and Wm. Hayward concertised in Roxbury, Mass., on the 5th, to an audience numbering nearly one thousand. This couple seem to have a "tight hold" on the affections of the people of the Eastern States.

Little Teresa Carreno, pianist, gave one concert in Boston, but she had to do it all over again on the 8th, at Boston Music Hall.

Capt. Charles B. Hill is to lecture on "The Sword and the Plow," on the 12th, at Corinthian Hall, Rochester, N. Y. It is for the benefit of the Rochester Union Grays.

McEvoy's Hibernicon is praised by the Boston press, but it fails to draw good houses.

The Niagara Base Ball club, of Utica, had a select ball at the City Hall of that town, on the 9th January, which was one of the pleasantest affairs of the season.

Of affairs generally in Washington, a correspondent in that city, writing on the 9th, says:—"Business has been very good for all places of amusement during the week; and no wonder, considering the many transient people we have, who are obliged to rough it in the shape of a shake down. Eight or nine sleep every night on the floor, in the ladies' parlor of my hotel. It is not so with persons who are going to stay some time in Washington. Neither is board so expensive as some people represent. Salaries here are very good, which is a capital plaster for any little inconvenience one may be put to.

Mason Jones is to deliver his first oration in Boston on the 12th inst., at Tremont Temple—subject, Jonathan Swift, the Witty Dean of St. Patrick's. We presume the Irish orator will spread on the Jonathan instead of Dean, to prevent any misinterpretation from the similarity between that name and Owen Swift, the British boxer. It would be just as easy to make a mistake here as it was over the water, when "Boz" was giving his Bob Sawyer's party. All the roughs there got the impression Charles Dickens was to set-to with Tom Sayers, and went in crowds to see their favorite little man of Pimlico, but they "didn't see it." When will Jonesey give us his talk about "The Wonder?"

Rev. Mr. Milburn, the blind preacher, lectured before a discouragingly small audience in Utica, N. Y., on the 7th. The blind poet, Milton, was his topic for discussion, and treated in beautiful style. His delivery, always eloquent and impressive, was none the less so than usual.

The Hutchinson Family, of the "Tribe of Asa," gave one more night, on the 12th, at the Spring Garden Hall, Philadelphia.

Father Gulick's Old Folks Concert Troupe are concertizing through Pennsylvania. They will be in Philadelphia, at Concert Hall, about the 20th of this month.

The Woodroffe Glass Blowers are doing a good business at the Assembly Buildings, Philadelphia.

Sig. Blitz and his canary birds attract crowds to the small saloon of the Assembly Buildings, in Philadelphia. The "Blitz" holds out well.

At Concert Hall, Philadelphia, Capt. Williams is holding forth nightly with his Panorama of a Whaling Voyage.

Com. Foote and Col. Small, the two smallest dwarfs in the country, arrived at New Orleans, from New York, on the 28th of December, and under the direction of Col. Ellinger gave their opening performance in the Museum, adjoining the Academy of Music, on the 31st of December, to a fair audience. A correspondent in New Orleans says they are the greatest curiosities in the way of mankind gotten up on a small scale he ever saw.

After showing six nights in Buffalo, N. Y., Robert Heller, with his magic and music, left for Lockport; thence to Williamsport and Harrisburg, bound for Washington, D. C. He opens in Harrisburg on the 13th.

Stanly & Conant's Polemorama opens at the opera house, Buffalo, on the 12th.

Mrs. Cecile Rush will read selections from the poets, in Philadelphia, on the 14th inst.

The Carter Zouave Troupe are doing so well that their proposed trip to Cuba will be deferred for a short time. They closed their ninth entertainment in Harrisburg, Pa., on the 10th, and on the 12th, their last night, were to exhibit for the benefit of the Paxton Hose Company.

Garrett's Museum still holds forth at Moreton's Hall, Pittsburgh, and from present appearances will remain there all summer. A "Skeleton Man" has been added to the collection.

Dr. Bellows tried to raise the wind in Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., last week; but, having no audience, didn't blow. A good dramatic performance is more palatable than abolition lectures, just now.

Professor Harrington, the Boston Ventriloquist, finished a successful tour of Vermont, lasting four months, by "taking Richmond" on the 8th. He takes a week's respite at Boston, Mass., while his agent, E. M. Leslie, is arranging a route in Maine.

Ossian E. Dodge and Wm. Hayward were advertised at East Wilton, N. H., for the 12th.

THE HOLMAN TROUPE.

From the Pittsburgh, (Pa.,) Evening Chronicle, Jan. 3.

The Holmans conclude their engagement at Masonic Hall tonight. To those who have heard them we have nothing to say, as the troupe have spoken most admirably for themselves, but to those who have not visited Masonic Hall during the past week, we say you have missed a musical festival of the highest merit. Miss Sallie, the young Prima Donna, possesses the qualifications of future greatness, and is the pride and hope of those who have American pre-eminence at heart. She is, indeed, a vocal wonder. The graceful, little piquant, fairy-like Julia, with her raven curls and sparkling black eyes, is the pet of the public, and at once enslaves all hearts. Alfred, the baritone of the troupe, sings with great taste and finish, and drums—a singular combination of talent, by the way—in a marvelous manner. The sticks rattle on the sheep skin like a hail storm on a meeting house. Ben, the rollicking low comedian, is a Liston in little, and possesses a rich vein of natural comic humor. In short, the entire company, principal and subordinate, is excellent, and is marking an enviable artistic name indelibly on the public heart and mind.

THE CARTER ZOUAVE SISTERS.

From the Harrisburg, (Pa.,) Patriot and Union, Jan. 6.

This favorite troupe gave another of their inimitable entertainments to an overflowing house last night. We never passed two hours more pleasantly than in witnessing the varied and skillful performances of these unrivalled artistes and listening to their exquisite music. They give another entertainment this evening, and no doubt will be greeted with a full house, as usual.

AMATEUR.

AMATEURS IN CANADA.—The amateurs in connexion with the 1st battalion of the Prince Consort's Own Rifle Brigade, in Hamilton, C. W., after fitting up the old theatre on John street, formerly occupied by Mr. Nickinson, made their first appearance, to a good house (don't let the compositor make this "made their first appearance to a good house;" mind your stops!) on Monday evening, Dec. 8th, opening with the comic drama of "Fish Out of Water," then a clog dance, concluding with the farce of a "Dangerous Customer." They again played the same bill on Friday, Dec. 12th. On Monday, 15th, and Friday, 19th inst., they played "Whitebait at Greenwich," a clog dance, and "Fish Out of Water." We believe it is their intention to keep the theatre open, for two nights a week, during the winter. The superior orchestra was composed of the string band of the Rifle Brigade.

THE ELMIRA DRAMATIC TROUPE are "up to the emergency." On Christmas Eve they brought out "Christmas at Home," for the benefit of sick and wounded soldiers. During the evening the following characters appeared in the piece:—Mab, Christmas, Athol, "Old Grampus—Sir George," Lady Elizabeth, (high born people); Servant, Christopher, Nancy, (worthy folks); Artemasward, Doughstix, Jonvan Booran, Horris Greelee (distinguished people in queer costume). Prelude, interspersed with quartettes, tableaux, songs, recitations, etc, and concluded with the roaring farce of "Contentment is better than Wealth." On Dec. 29th the same bill was brought out with variations, "Auld Robin Gray," the farce; also, "Bandits." On January 1st, Wm. C. Potter was to take a benefit at the hands of the Elmira Dramatic Troupe, at which time they brought out the "Octoroon"—a huge benefit.

THE MILTON DRAMATIC CLUB made their first appearance on Thursday, December 18th. The pieces played were an original drama entitled "Claud Darnard," and the farce of "Raising the Wind."

THE DUNDAS DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION made their first appe... ance, to an invited audience, at their club room, December 1... The bill comprised "Mary Watson," "Good for Nothing," ... "Omnibus."

THE AMATEURS OF THE GALT FIRE COMPANY have got u... minstrel troupe among themselves. They give a concert, to... followed by a ball, for the benefit of the company's fund, ... Christmas evening. Admission to the concert—gents, 25 cen... ladies free. Trot out your feminines.

THE LONDON DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION were to make their de... for the benefit of the Lancashire operatives, on Tuesday, ... December, the plays selected being Tom Taylor's comedy ... "Still Water Run Deep," and the afterpiece "Bombastes Furio...

THE QUEBEC HISTRIONIC CLUB opened for one night on Thu... day Dec. 18th. "The Miller of Derwent Water," and "Who St... the Pocket Book," were the pieces performed.

FOREIGN DRAMATIC AND SHOW NEWS.

Prof. Anderson is out in the London papers against part... using his name. He says that he has been annoyed by imp... tors in the United States and the Canadas, who preceded him ... the various cities; and that when he arrived, *after* them, his o... identity was doubted. Well, that *was* rather tricky.

Signora Ristori was delighting the inhabitants of Turin by h... wondrous impersonations of Elizabeth, Queen of England, Mar... Queen of Scotts, Myrrha, Medea, and Norma—the tragedy, ... the opera, of that name—translated into Italian for Ristori fr... the French of M. Soumet. It is said that she produced less ... fect in that tragedy than in the others. Her reception at the T... atro Carignano was enthusiastic. A good opera company, und... the management of Signor Salvini, has just opened at that th... atre with a fair prospect of success.

Mr. Southern's benefit, at the Haymarket, London, on De... 23d, was a great success, the theatre being filled in every part.

Another accident on the trapeze occurred at Bell's Hipp... drome, Liverpool, on the 22d ult., by which Mr. Henry Del... vanti had one of his ribs and thighs broken during his seri... display. Delevanti was going through the feats of Olmar, wh... the knot of one of the ropes slipped, and he dropped heavil... A wire rope upon which Mrs. Delevanti performed broke h... fall, or he would have suffered even more severely than he di... No time was lost in conveying the unfortunate man to t... Northern Hospital, where he now lies in as favorable a conditi... as might be expected. Delevanti tied the rope himself, and, ... he considered it sufficiently secure to risk his life upon it, the... is every probability that the knot was good when he commence... his performance. Later on, however, the strain, together wi... the effect of the atmosphere, must have caused it to slip, an... hence the accident.

Ira Aldridge, the colored tragedian, is still reaping a plentif... harvest in Russia. He was at Klarhoff on the 10th Dec., draw... ing crowded and aristocratic audiences, although the prices o... admittance to the theatres were doubled. On the night of hi... benefit, when he played King Lear, he was presented, at the en... of the fourth act, with a beautiful wreath, entwined with silve... laurel leaves, by three young and beautiful ladies, the Princes... Troubetskoy, the Princess Kondashov, and the Princess Gali... zin; they handed it to him from their box. On the 4th Dec., h... was invited to a dinner given in his honor by the Prince an... Princess Kondashov, at their residence, and out of the thirty... one persons composing the party, only one was untitled, or no... noble, as it is termed in Russia. Among those present were... Prince and Princess Troubetsky, Prince and Princess Galitzin... Prince and Princess Orusoff, Baron and Baroness Radin, hi... Excellency the Count de Levers, and Princess Abimeteh. At th... entertainment his health was proposed and drunk from a lar... silver-chased antique-shaped goblet, filled with a Russian drin... called "quass," from which all the company drank, and it w... lastly handed to Mr. Aldridge, with a request that he would a... cept it as a mark of the kindly feeling entertained towards him... Big thing for Aldridge.

The Londoners were on the rampage with their pantomimes... Everything, for the time, had given place to the clown, harle... quin, and "Columbine."

In Spain, the theatres were doing a good business. The Novedades, a kind of sensation theatre, has brought out a new version of "Catherine Howard," and it had been well received. In the Plaza de Torras, recently, a French company of gymnasts an... nounced a grand performance, in which, for the first time i... Madrid, a balloon ascent was to take place, which was to ascend... with a number of persons. The result was they had a great... house, a wonderful thing for this time of year, but the balloon... for Spain was a novelty. The performance was a wretched affair, ... for it appears the company had bought the balloon to perform... with, but understood nothing about managing it, and although ... they tried for nearly an hour, they could not make it ascend. ... The company cleared nearly £100 by the balloon gag, but were... fined £70 by the alcade the next day for deceiving the public. ... Very likely all the balloonists will be making tracks for Spain.

Boucicault opened his theatre, late Astley's, London, on the... 22d Dec., to a "gay and fashionable," but not very large audi... ence. Mr. Leeson did not appear to good advantage. Although ... Boucicault advertised to produce his new pantomime on Christ... mas night, yet the theatre was closed, and no performance ... given. The theatre re-opened on the 26th.

Price's Circus has gone to Lisbon. The new circus that was ... intended to have been built for Ciniselli is nearly finished. ... Though smaller than the Napoleon at Paris, it is the most hand... some stone building that was ever erected for equestrian pur... poses. The interior, for decoration, sculpture, and paintings, ... is beautiful in the extreme. Report says that Price intends ... opening it, while another report says Ciniselli will do so with a ... great company. The celebrated Mr. and Miss Ryan, who have ... been performing in the Royal Teatro, Toledo, the favorite mus... town, have gone to Lisbon to fulfil an engagement with Price's ... Circus.

Harry Fox and C. Smith, announced as the "Original Contraband Negro Minstrels from New York," were to appear in Birmingham, Eng., Dec. 26.

The beautiful little "Countess of Gayton," a model of diminutive beauty, was attracting large audiences to her entertainments in Nottingham. The Countess will upset Miss Warren's calculations.

Mr. and Mrs. Adams, equestrians, reached London after a fearful passage in the Tartar from Lisbon.

Mr. James Anderson, the celebrated tragedian, had returned to London.

An accident happened to Mr. Mackney Sr., comedian, on the 21st Dec., in London. He was knocked down by a horse and cart, and sustained several very severe injuries. About three months since, Mrs. Mackney met with a similar accident.

The brothers Rizzarellas, the great Spanish gymnasts, who have been performing at the Plaza de Torras, had left for France and England.

The mullato, Miller, the great bare-backed rider, died recently at Gibraltar, of consumption.

John C. Heenan continues the great attraction of Howes' Circus. The concern was still showing in the provinces.

Charles Kean concluded his engagement in Dublin on the 19th of December.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul were at Leeds for six nights, and then were to go to Manchester.

The Christy Minstrels (Wilsom's) were giving entertainments in Manchester. G. W. Moore was well received in his comicalities.

Mr. Sothern has renewed his engagement with Mr. Buckstone, of the Haymarket, London, and the long run of "Our American Cousin" is being drawn out still longer.

Blondin's farewell performances were announced at the Crystal Palace.

The Leotard feat was being performed at the Alhambra, London, by Master Richard Conrad, only 15 years old.

Ettie Henderson, it is understood, will soon appear in Dublin, and then perhaps visit London.

The Viceroy of Egypt contemplates establishing a French theatre, and the Paris press is to be invited to the opening ceremony. One of the amusements with which it is intended to charm the delicate Frenchmen will be a "crocodile hunt." The "Viceroy" must be a man of taste.

The Christy Minstrels, under Wilsom's administration, closed a successful season at the Rotunda, Dublin, on Dec. 13. Wilsom, Moore, Crocker, and Christian, were much eulogised by the press, in their respective hot, no—colored roles.

A memorial is being prepared in Glasgow, Scotland, we are indeed gratified to learn, soliciting a pension of £100 a year for the widow of the late Sheridan Knowles; which is being seconded in like manner in Belfast, where the illustrious dead was so well known and so highly esteemed. A handsome monument is about to be erected to his memory in the Glasgow Necropolis; and as evidence of the spirit evinced in reference to it, we may state that two of his friends in London, one of whom went all the way to attend the funeral, have put down their names for £100 each. We are glad to know that Mr. Dalglish, M.P. for Glasgow, and several of the leading men in Glasgow, take a warm interest in the movement to do honor to the late Sheridan Knowles.

The Christy Minstrels, Nish's party, left Cape Town, C. G. H., in steamer Coonanbara, on Nov. 21, for Melbourne, Australia. The Governor and other citizens of Cape Town subscribed for and presented Joe Brown with a magnificent silver belt, set with

AMUSEMENTS.

...LO'S GARDEN.
...Lessee and Manager,.....WM. WHEATLEY.
MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 12, 1863.
...tively Last Night but Two, of the
GRAND, ROMANTIC, SPECTACULAR DRAMA,
FAUST AND MARGUERITE,
...B. ROBERTS.....as.....MEPHISTOPHILES.
TUESDAY—BENEFIT OF MR. J. B. ROBERTS,
...positively last night but one of Faust and Marguerite.
...DNESDAY—BENEFIT OF MISS EMILY THORNE,
And last night of Faust and Marguerite.
...Management respectfully announce an engagement for
...E NIGHTS ONLY, with MR. DANIEL E. BANDMANN,
...celebrated German Tragedian, who will have the honor of
...his first appearance (in the English Language) in the
...er of
SHYLOCK,
ON THURSDAY EVENING, JAN. 15.
...WHEATLEY congratulates himself upon the fact that he
...to announce an engagement for a SHORT SEASON, (com-
...MONDAY, Jan. 19,) with
...THE GREAT TRAGIC ARTIST, MISS BATEMAN,
...will, on that occasion, produce a new play, of singular
...action, entitled
LEAH, THE FORSAKEN.
...open at 7, to commence a quarter before 8 o'clock. 40-

...RA KEENE'S THEATRE.
MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 12.
SECOND WEEK
...engagement of the Brilliant and Dashing Comedienne,
MRS. JOHN WOOD,
THE QUEEN OF COMEDY AND SONG,
...will appear for the first time in New York, in her Great
...er of
MARTON,
THE PRIDE OF THE MARKET,
...che's Comic Drama, in 3 acts, of that title.
...NERY,
COSTUMES, STAGE APPOINTMENTS,
AND A
BRILLIANT CAST OF CHARACTERS,
...Popular Farce of
BETSEY BAKER.
...k now open. 40-1t*

...BOWERY THEATRE.
...Proprietor.....MR. J. W. LINGARD.
MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 12.
ANOTHER NEW DRAMA.
...ight of the dramatization of Victor Hugo's immensely
...Novel of
LES MISERABLES,
ENTITLED
JEAN VALJEAN.
BY HARRY SEYMOUR, ESQ.,
...w and Effective Scenery, Powerful Effects, &c.
...Boniface.....as.....The Convict Jean Valjean.
...es.....as.....Thenedier.
...an.....as.....Javert.
...n.....as.....Marina.
...am.....as.....Gavoche.
...Jones.....as.....Fantine,
THE TWO DROVERS.
THE DUMB BELLE. 40

...DWAY MENAGERIE AND ZOOLOGICAL
...Broadway, below Houston street.—L. B. LENT,
...This elegant and attractive School of Natural History
...n daily from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M., with the most splen-
...id of
LIVING WILD ANIMALS
...continent, including four Elephants, Lions, Tigers,
Bears, Hyenas, &c.
...dmission 25 cts.; Children under 10, 15 cts.
...als will be fed at 3 o'clock P. M. 39-tf

...D MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS,
...completed the most unparalleled successful engage-
...wards of
FIFTY NIGHTS,
...ld in the City of New York, will commence a series
...ts famed
IRISH AND YANKEE CHARACTERS,
AT THE
...NUT STREET THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA,
On
MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 12th. 40-

...AROLINE RICHINGS,
AND
MR. PETER RICHINGS,
...cluded their very successful
...ORD'S THEATRE, WASHINGTON, D. C.
...ment and popular Artists are now performing at
...R. DREW'S, ARCH STREET THEATRE,
PHILADELPHIA,
...ommencing Monday, January 5th, 1863.
A. S. PENNOYER, Agent.

...RT HALL,
HELENA, ARK.
...MURPHY & FREEBERTHYSER, Proprietors.
Entertainments every Evening,
BY THE
SABLE HARMONISTS,
...ing the following talented Ethiopian Artists
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...URPHY,
...RTIN FREEBERTHYSER,
...D. GOODING,
J. H. STOUT,
JOHN FREEBERTHYSER,
HENRY FREEBERTHYSER,
JOHN COLE,
CHAS. SANDFORD,
GEO. W. NORTHROP,
...ction with
LA BELLE LOUISE,
The charming Danseuse and Vocalist,
AND
MDLLE THEODORA,
The fascinating Prima Danseuse.
...recognised merit, wishing engagements, will apply
...URPHY, Helena, Ark.
...alaries paid than by any Management in the country.
46-tf

...OPOLITAN THEATRE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
...ERLES TIBBETTS.....Lessee and Manager.
...eatre is now open for the Fall and Winter Season, with
...Company ever in California.
JULIA DEAN HAYNE,
...S. JUDAH, MISS MOWBRAY,
...C. R. THORNE, MRS. CLAUGHLEY,
...S. JAS. STARK, MISS FREDERICKS,
...J. B. BOOTH, MR. L. F. BEATTY,
...W. M. LEMAN, W. C. FORBES,
...S. W. LEACH, FRED FRANKS,
...E. THAYER, H. BROWN,
...Numerous Corps of Auxiliaries.
PRICES OF ADMISSION.
...le.....$1.00 | Orchestra Seats.....$1.00
.....50 cts | Gallery.....25 cts
Private Boxes.....10 and 5 dollars.
...ntending to visit California will find it to their interests
...s as above. 40-26t

...FOOTE'S TROUPE."
SOON TO APPEAR AT
...LDING & ROGERS'S MUSEUM, NEW ORLEANS.
...FOOTE, the most extraordinary pigmy of the century,
...returned from Washington, from a "Convention" of all
...e Men" now living. While in Washington, he was
...recipient of a "Gold Medal" for being the smallest and
...ect man of his age, now living. He is 31 inches smaller
...renowned "Tom Thumb," and 3 inches smaller than
...ore Nutt." He is accompanied by his companion,
...ll," who is equally as wonderful; also by Miss M. C.
...R, Pianist and Vocalist, who is the composer of no less
...pieces of music, and by Prof. BROOKS, the blind boy,
...ill more wonderful than blind "Tom;" being a fine
...d Violinist.
...mpany is under the whole control of COL. ELLINGER,
...LONG, acting as Treasurer.
...oupe will open in New Orleans about the 1st of January.
37-4t*

THE LARGEST
...LL PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD!
CLARRY & REILLEY,
...PRINTERS (Successors to John E. Bacon,)
AND
ENGRAVERS,
12 and 14 Spruce Street, New York,
...cular attention to getting up all kinds of
FANCY SHOW BILLS
...iting companies, and have on hand a large and splendid
assortment of large and small
WOOD CUTS
...or Circusses, Menageries, Ethiopian Performers, Gym-
...icians, &c., &c., which can be printed in one or more
...suit customers.
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...BYN would respectfully inform members of the dra-
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...in San Francisco, and is prepared to negotiate engage-
...d transact all other business pertaining to the pro-
...Address SHERIDAN CORBYN, San Francisco, Cal.
...All letters requiring answers must contain a stamp to
...e same. 46-6m

WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL,
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Opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel.
HENRY WOOD.....Sole Proprietor and Manager.
IMMENSE ATTRACTION.
MORE NOVELTIES. NEW FEATURES.
CROWDED HOUSES,
To witness the Inimitable Entertainments of
WOOD'S MINSTRELS.
THE STAR TROUPE OF THE WORLD,
MONDAY, JANUARY 12, and every evening during the week.
ENTIRE CHANGE OF PROGRAMME.
THE STRANGER, SMIGGY MCGLURAL, LORD LOVEL,
CROCHETS AND QUAVERS, LA PERCHE EQUIPOISE,
THE FOUR VULTURES, SANDY GIBSON,
SONGS, DANCES, &c., &c., by
EPH HORN, CHARLEY FOX, FRANK BROWER,
COOL WHITE, HENRY, FRANK CONVERSE,
FLORENCE, GLENN, SCHWICARDI,
ISAACS BROTHERS, HASLAM, LEIS,
LOCKWOOD, GARATAGUA, LEWIS, &c.,
Doors open at 6½; commence at 7½ o'clock. Tickets 25 cents.
No connection with any other Troupe assuming the name of Wood's Minstrels. 40-

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE, BROOKLYN,
Cor. COURT & REMSEN STREETS.
MONDAY EVENING, JAN. 12, and every night.
SEVENTEENTH WEEK
OF THE
"CREME DE LA CREME,"
OF ALL MINSTREL ORGANIZATIONS.
GREAT HIT, GREAT HIT, GREAT HIT,
OF
E. BOWERS'S
EXEMPT SHAKING QUAKERS,
Ten in number,
From Lebanon, New Hampshire,
And the highly amusing sketch called
PROFESSOR HUMBUGTHEPUBLICO.
First week of the STRANGER.
The Wandering Minstrel, HIGHO DADDY, &c., &c.
HUGHES, BOWERS, WHITING, SLOCUM,
PRENDERGAST, LEWIS, HILTON, SCOTT,
MCNALLY, HUNNEMAN, HEMPE, STRAUB,
RIELLY, BRYANT, HOOLEY.
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39-tf

444. THE GREAT AMERICAN MUSIC HALL,
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ROBERT W. BUTLER.....Proprietor and Manager
The Music Hall of the Masses.
NO CESSATION OF NOVELTIES.
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The most popular Place of Amusement in the World. We have the largest and most respectable, most intellectual and critical audiences of any other Place of Amusement in America.
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is the only Place of Amusement of the kind in New York. Managers have sought to rival us, but they have all signally failed and vanished
ONE BY ONE
until we are left alone in the field.
Our penny rivals might as well try to hold a penny candle to the sun as to have tried to imitate
THE ONE—THE ONLY—THE FIRST—THE BEST
CONCERT HALL IN AMERICA,
THE GREAT AMERICAN MUSIC HALL. 39-

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KATE HAMILTON, MR. JNO. RITTER,
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After a most successful season of over Eleven months, is now open with the following Company:
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THE VARIETIES
IS THE LARGEST, HANDSOMEST, BEST APPOINTED,
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Parties of acknowledged excellence desiring engagements, may address GEO. J. DEAGLE, Varieties Theatre,
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31 tf

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The Autocrats of Ethiopeanism,
THE MODEL TROUPE OE THE WORLD,
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Are meeting with great success throughout this state—everywhere greeted by full houses—and their performances pronounced by the Press, and Public Inimitable and Unapproachable. Everything
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THE GREAT ETHIOPEAN "IRON-CLADS."
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THOMAS MAGUIRE.....Proprietor and Manager.
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J. L. SCHMITZ.....Leader of Orchestra.
Fifth Week of the
ITALIAN OPERA TROUPE.
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And the Celebrated German Chorus, consisting of 29 voices.
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Box Office open from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. Seats secured three days in advance.
Stars visiting California should remember that Mr. Maguire is also proprietor of Hayes' Park, San Francisco; the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, Sacramento and Marysville. 36-tf

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The Company now engaged at this popular place of Amusement, is
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Under the same Management.
☞ All business letters for both places, must be directed to Washington, D. C. 37-tf

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The only Room in the City suitable for
CONCERTS, THEATRICAL AND MINSTREL PERFORMANCES,
Situated in the heart of the City,
CORNER OF MARKET AND MONROE STREETS,
Immediately opposite the McLure House,
Easy of Access,
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The Room is 104 feet long by 54 feet wide, 24 feet ceiling, including a Stage 28 by 30 feet, with four Dressing Rooms, and Scenery; Brilliantly Lighted and furnished with Arm Chairs.
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VERY SUPERIOR ENTERTAINMENTS,
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This truly elegant and very beautiful theatre is kept open during the whole of the year.
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PLAY BOOKS, PHOTOGRAPHS of Ed. Booth, Ed. Forrest, Lester Wallack, W. R. Blake, [illegible], Adah I. Menken, &c., Mr. and Mr. Mazeppa and French Spy; Isabel Cubas, in six characters; Belle Galletti, also in character; Kate Fisher, Ada Webb, Emma Webb, and all other celebrities, 25 cents each, or 5 for $1. Catalogues sent on receipt of postage stamp, by
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A Troupe is now organizing for the year 1863.
WANTED—
A TENOR, BARITONE AND ALTO:
Also,
INSTRUMENTAL PERFORMERS.
None but first class artists need apply. Address
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CINCINNATI, OHIO.
This Establishment will be opened on MONDAY, JANUARY 19, with legitimate Drama, by
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Also, of the Louisville Theatre, Ky. 40-1t*

TO MINSTRELS.—Wm. Barmore, end man, R. C. Pomeroy, basso, Crafton Clarke, jig dancer, and Ben Wallace, comedian, wish to engage with some Minstrel Band.
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THE GREAT VERSATILE ARTISTE,
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TO THE PROFESSION.—Being disengaged at present, I offer my services as BUSINESS AGENT or TREASURER for any theatre, or as TRAVELING AGENT for any kind of exhibition. Address COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN,
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HARRY HAPGOOD—Begs to inform the public that he can be found at the
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The finest Cigars, Ales, Wines, etc. 39-3t*

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LARGEST AND MOST TALENTED COMPANY IN THE CITY.
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TO MANAGERS—
MISS MARION begs leave to inform Managers, that her Engagements in Pennsylvania and elsewhere will close on the 16th of the present month, when she will be happy to receive proposals for engagements for CHAMBERMAID and SPARKLING COMEDY. Managers wishing to engage will please address MISS MARION, CLIPPER Office. [40-1t*] H. MARION.

OPERA SHOES—CIRCUS PUMPS.
J. SOMERS, 278 BOWERY, Second floor,
Maker of every style of THEATRICAL GAITERS, SLIPPERS, &c., used by all branches of the Profession, superior and cheaper than can be had elsewhere. Orders from the country promptly expressed to all parts of the United States of America. [39-4t*

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J. H. McVICKER.
38-4t*

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BANJO AND JIG DANCING, TAUGHT BY J. BOGAN, 199 First avenue. Bogan's Banjos on hand for sale. 39-2t*

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Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, above Grand street.
BRYANT BROTHERS, Proprietors. JOHN SIMPSON, Treasurer.
WINANS and BUCHANAN, Ushers. A. ROSS, Officer.
SEVENTH YEAR OF THE ORIGINAL WORLD-RENOWNED
BRYANTS' MINSTRELS.
THE EXCELSIOR TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
The Company is composed of the following talented Artists:—
DAN BRYANT, NEIL BRYANT,
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G. A. CONNERS, G. W. CHARLES, J. W. HILTON,
D. D. EMMETT, J. MORRISON, T. GETTINGS,
ROLLIN HOWARD, FRANK LESLIE, LITTLE MAC.
In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Plantation Scenes, &c., &c. For Particulars see bills of the day.
Tickets 25 cents. 37-tf

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S
OPERA HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.
This popular establishment will
COMMENCE THEIR SIXTH REGULAR SEASON
MONDAY EVENING, AUG. 4th.
MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS
Consist of the following Gentlemen:
LON MORRIS, N. LOTHIAN,
BILLY MORRIS, R. M. CARROLL,
JOHNNY PELL, J. QUEEN,
J. C. TROWBRIDGE, F. WILMARTH,
E. W. PRESCOTT. R. FREDERICKS,
J. L. GILBERT, J. J. HILLIARD,
J. P. ENDRES, D. J. MAGUINNIS,
AUGUST SCHNEIDER, L. A. ZWISSLER.
D. W. BOARDMAN, JAPANESE TOMMY.
The Management call particular notice to the above distinguished array of Talent.
Tickets 25 cents; Reserved Seats 50 cents.
36-tf LON MORRIS, Manager.

BROOKLYN ARENA,
RAYMOND STREET,
BETWEEN FULTON AND DE KALB AVENUES.
EVERY EVENING DURING THE WEEK, AND ON
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AFTERNOONS,
Superb Horsemanship by all the great riders,
Athletic Feats by the Delavanti Brothers, &c., &c.
Dress Circle, 25 cts. Children 15 cts., Gallery 15 cts. 40-1t

KATE ENGLISH'S THEATRE,
LATE ALLSTON HALL, TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.
This new and magnificent edifice, located in the most fashionable part of Boston, is now being rebuilt, under the direction of Mrs. English, aided by a talented architect, skilfull and experienced machinists, scenic artists of taste and ability, and will be transformed into a
FIRST CLASS THEATRE,
for the production of VAUDEVILLES, OPERAS, AGREEABLE COMEDIES, PANTOMIMES, and such unexceptionable pieces as cannot fail to satisfy the most refined taste. Mrs. English is now ready to receive applications for Engagements from respectable members of the profession, as it is her intention to offer to the Boston public the BEST TALENT OF THE COUNTRY, and for SUCH will pay the most liberal salary. Will be opened on, or about the 25th of January. Address KATE ENGLISH,
40-2t* Sole Lessee and Manager.

GOODWIN & WILDER'S
POLYMORAMA,
Now open for a short time, at
MASONIC HALL, PITTSBURGH.
Scenes from the first
DREAD SIGNAL AT SUMTER,
Down to the last Great Battle.
Also, the Grand Naval Fight between the
MERRIMAC AND MONITOR.
Doors open at 7 o'clock, Performance at ½ to 8.
Afternoons open at 2 o'clock, commence at ½ past 2.
Admission 25 cts; Reserved Seats 50 cts.
Children accompanied by their Parents to Reserved Seats, 25 cts.

NOTICE TO MANAGERS.—The Celebrated Ethiopian Comedian,
JOHN MULLIGAN,
and the unrivalled Baujoist and writer of Ethiopean Sketches, Songs, Farces, &c.,
ANDREW LEAVITT,
now performing a "Star Engagement" at the Continental 40-2t
Hall, Philadelphia, are [illegible]
perform[illegible]

LEA'S MELODEON, BALTIMORE, MD.—This house is the only Concert Room open in Baltimore, and is carried on by GEORGE LEA, formerly
PROPRIETOR OF THE NEW YORK MELODEON.
Performers of talent wishing engagements will address as above.
Open every night except Sunday, and "No Matinees."
N. B.—TWENTY FIVE YOUNG LADIES wanted for the ballet.
Those that can dance single dances preferred. 40-tf

M'LLE MARIETTA RAVELL,
THE BEAUTIFUL AND TALENTED
SPANISH DANSEUSE and TIGHT ROPE ARTIST,
is now performing a STAR ENGAGEMENT, under the management of JACOB BELLER, in Detroit, Michigan. Theatrical and Concert Managers wishing to secure the services of the above artiste, can do so by applying to JAS. CONNOR, 614½ Broadway, New York City. 40-1t*

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.
JOHN ELLSLER.....Proprietor and Manager.
This is the largest, most comfortable, beautiful, and altogether the most popular theatre in this city. It is for RENT, BY THE NIGHT OR WEEK, from the present date, January 10, or Troupes can exhibit in it on sharing terms. All applications to be made to the above manager, at Columbus, Ohio, to the 1st of April, next. 40-tf

A FEW LADIES AND GENTLEMEN of respectability wanted to join a new DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION now forming up town. Apply to, or address C. CRUMLEY, 531 Third avenue. C. CRUMLEY, Pres't, *pro tem.*
N. S. KELLY, Sec'y, *pro tem.* 40-1t*

ATHENEUM THEATRE,
COLUMBUS, OHIO.
JOHN ELLSLER.....Manager and Proprietor.
Opens on the 12th inst., for a season of three months, with the Dramatic Company from the Academy of Music, Cleveland. Stars wishing nights will please address JOHN A. ELLSLER, JR.,
40-tf Columbus, Ohio.

IF CHARLES H. FOX, a nephew of Charles McGuire, Button Maker in Glasgow, Scotland, and whose parents came to this country about thirty years ago, is still living, and this should reach him, he will hear of something to his advantage, by calling on Henry S. Smith, Attorney, No. 9 Chambers-street, New York.

OUR LETTER BOX.
We have letters for Mrs. Charlotte Perry, Robert Heller, John C. Rivers, J. E. Whiting, Jules Stratton, Sam. Lathrop, Wattie Rusher, Liverpool letter for Joe Pentland, E. S. Washburn, Byron Christy, Geo. Fuller, W. H. Leak, Dick Sands, Chas. A. Morris, Shirley H. France, Miss Alice Placide Mann, and Master Leon.

SOLDIER'S VALENTINE PACKAGE NO. 1,

Contains:	Cents.
1 very Fancy Valentine, new style	15
1 elegant Embossed Envelope	2
1 handsome Valentine, new style	10
1 nicely Embossed Envelope	2
3 Military Comic Valentines, new style	9
1 Poetry Valentine Writer	6
2 Fancy Valentine Cards	6

By mail, free for fifty cents.
Our ONE DOLLAR PACKAGES are very superior in style and finish.
Addres FRED. PARSELLS & BROTHER,
40-4t* Box 2085 New York, P. O.

VOLUNTEERS, ATTENTION!—For the Derangements of the System incidental to the change of diet, wounds, eruptions, and exposures, which every Volunteer is liable to, there are no remedies so safe, convenient, and reliable as HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT, 25 cts per box. [209

CARD PHOTOGRAPHS of Hogarth's celebrated Pictures of BEFORE and AFTER, 25 cts each. Also, his design for the Lid of a SNUFF BOX. Price 25 cents each, and sent post paid, by J. N. COX, 84 Nassau street, N. Y. 40-1t*

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40-1t* J. N. COX, 84 Nassau street, N. Y.

STEREOSCOWPANICVIEW.
Send 25 cts. and receive something Rich and Racy.
40-1t* BECKNER & Co., P. O. Box 5027, N. Y.

GAME FOWLS FOR SALE.—A choice lot of Fowls, selected and bred from the best strains, warranted dead game, and for sale cheap. Address, for particulars and price,
40-1t* H. A. LEGGETT, Saratoga Spgs., N. Y.

SEND 3 ct Stamps for "Sealed Circular Letter," showing improvement in the Art of Printing in Colors, and the mode of obtaining Books and Novelties, many never before advertised. Ready soon. Address
40-2t CHAS. HENRY DAY, New Haven, Conn.

HANS IN A FIX.

Ven I lays myself down in my lonely ped room,
Unt dries vor to sleep werry soundt,
De treams, oh how into my het tey vill gome
Till I vish I was unter the groundt.

Sometimes ven I eats von pig supper, I treams
Tat my schtomak is slit full of shtones,
Unt out in my mine shleep, like ter tuyfel, I schreems
Unt kick off ter ped glose unt groans!

Den dere ash I lay, 'mid der ped clothes all off,
I kits mineself all ofer vrose,
In te morning I vakes mit der fletache unt cough
Unt I'm sick vrom mine het to mine does.

O! vat shall pe fun vor a boer man like me—
Vat for do I lif such a life?
Some say dere's a cure vor drouples of me—
Dinks I'll dry it, unt kit me vone vife.

DRAMATIC AND OTHER SKETCHES.

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER THIRTY-NINE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

MRS. HILL.

From Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. Well known as Mrs. Stanley. Born in London; made her first appearance on the American stage, June 11th, 1827, at Chatham Theatre, New York, as Euphrasia; afterwards played at the La Fayette Theatre.

Died in New Orleans in 1834. Her person was large, her voice masculine, and her action rather partaking of strength than grace. Her readings, however, were generally faultless; her expression of passion forcible, and her conception of character correct.

G. H. HILL.

"Yankee Hill"—was born in Boston, Mass., where he first appeared in public. He was engaged at the Warren Theatre, to recite Yankee stories between the pieces. He soon after became a member of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, where he filled a very humble position, and was frequently grossly insulted by the disapprobation of the audience. He was discharged in disgrace from this theatre for refusing to act as a courtier, in the coronation scene of the "Exile." Growing desperate and reckless in his manner, he immediately applied to Mr. Simpson, of the Park Theatre, New York, and was immediately engaged to play Yankee characters, and so sudden was his success, that he in a very short time started on a "starring tour," and proved a very formidable rival to Mr. Hackett. He visited Philadelphia in 1832, appearing in one of his celebrated characters. In '38 he crossed the Atlantic, and made his *debut* on the London stage at the Adelphi Theatre, where he met with great success. Died in Saratoga, Sept. 27th, 1849—his life was insured for $5,000.

The stage is indebted to Mr. Hill for the possession of many excellent pieces written expressly to display his peculiarities.

MRS. ANNE BUSSELL HILL.

Born in London. Made her first appearance on the American stage, in July, 1840, at the Park Theatre, New York, as Flore, in "Capers and Coronets."

Her first appearance on any stage was at Drury Lane Theatre, London, as the Child, in "Pizarro."

In 1852, she was a member of the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

MISS J. HILL.

Made her first apearance on the stage, September 10th, 1847, as Annetta, in "The Blue Devils," at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia. In '52 was at Burton's Chambers Street Theatre, New York.

MADAME LE COMPTE.

Made her first appearance in Philadelphia, February 8th, 1838, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, as Zelica, in the [illegible] the stage and in conjunction with Ne'er from the heath-flowers dashed the dew," Medal.

Her appearance throughout was characterized by an unostentatious modesty of deportment and dress, peculiar to herself, nor was propriety ever outraged by those galvanized contortions of person and limb, which, however they may excite or inflame the passions of the multitude for the moment, yet denigrate most wofully from the beauty and perfection of the art, reducing what has been so aptly termed the poetry of motion to the degraded level of doggerel rhyme. If Madame Le Compte rarely resorted to the wild and fearful motions of a now popular danseuse, she possessed a higher claim to our approbation in her strict avoidance of those violations of decorum which give a shock to decency and suffuse the cheek of purity and innocence with the blush of shame. In addition to which, the unimpeachable course of her domestic life, from her earliest age, has been such as to disarm calumny itself. The meed of popularity is not always awarded to the most deserving, is a remark trite but true.

GEORGE CLIFFORD JORDAN,

Born in Baltimore, Md., where he made his *debut* at the Museum, under the management of John E. Owens. Was a printer by trade. First appeared in Philadelphia, May 24, 1848, at the Walnut-street Theatre, as Henry Hamilton, in "Maidens, Beware." Made his *debut* in New York in 1849, at Burton's Chambers-street Theatre, where he gained his popularity.

In June, 1853, he sailed for Europe, and after an absence of three months, returned to New York.

Married Miss Annie Walters, the celebrated danseuse, was divorced in New York, February 10, 1858, and on the 14th of the same month was married in Jersey City to Miss Emily Thorne, formerly of Burton's Theatre, New York.

Mr. Jordan has that indispensable qualification—comeliness of person. He is a very clever actor, but is great in nothing. If he could manage to do away with some of his personal vanity he would make a much better actor than he now is. Appearance is very essential to the stage, but in the long run, merit is a much better article. Mr. Jordan has ease, self-possession, and all the elegance of the well-bred gentleman, and the New York press accord him high praise in this part, particularly for the life and character he gives to it, both in his scenes of easy assurance among his male friends and his bashful awkwardness before the ladies. He is now in London.

MRS. GEORGE JORDAN,

Maiden-name, Annie Walters, made her first appearance on the stage as a dancer. Was married to Mr. Geo. Gordan in 1858. She applied for a divorce, and on the 10th of February received it, Mr. J. to pay her an alimony of $8 per week.

PROF. J. EDWIN CHURCHILL.

Author, artist, and actor—was born in Oxford, Ohio, some 36 miles northwest of Cincinnati. Made his *debut* in a Thespian association at Miami University, in a small part, and did so well that the boys ever after gave him the sobriquet of the character; he subsequently played in Cincinnati, in a leading part, under an assumed name, doing the character with a lady who is now distinguished.

In the meanwhile he pursued his legitimate profession of portrait painting, which he studied under many difficulties, supporting himself at house and sign painting, which he learned in boyhood with John Harding. Soon his health failed under such severe study, painting all day and studying acting at night, or teaching music in which he was said to greatly excel, having with his brothers, brother-in-law, and sisters, brought out the first Oratorio ever produced west of the Alleghany Mountains.

It was while on a visit to Charleston, S. C., that he commenced writing the National Historical Dramas, which he is about to present to the public. Finding he could not get sufficient data, he returned to Philadelphia the next spring, from thence back to Washington, D. C., where he remained some two years, consulting men and books (for the National library was free to all). After completing several dramas, he was solicited by many members of Congress (who had heard a reading of one) to produce one at Baltimore, which was accepted, and with marked success. About this time he received an offer to produce "The Bose of Wissahickon, or the Night of the 3d of July, 1776, and Declaration of Independence," in Philadelphia, but the theatre closed before he had an opportunity to appear. He remained in the city one year, pursuing the fine arts as a means of livelihood.

HORSE STORY.—Mike, a Hartford hostler, was ordered to saddle one of the horses and bring him to the door. After considerable delay Mike at length led up the gallant steed, but with the pummel of the saddle turned unambitiously tailward. The proprietor shortly appeared, and after the convulsions of laughter at the grotesque appearance of the rig had sufficiently subsided to enable him to speak, he asked Mike if that was the way they put on the saddles in the old country. A sudden gleam of intelligence shot across the honest face of the Irishman, as he burst out with the air of one who had discovered a secret: "Faith, yer honor, an' sure I didn't observe which way the horse stood."

GOING IT ALONE.—A little girl but 10 years old recently reached San Francisco, alone, from New York, on the "Moses Taylor." On the passage, her trunk was broken open by a thief, and all her clothes stolen; and when she arrived and met her mother on the wharf she had no bonnet and not a single change of garment. The child had a second cabin ticket.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JOHN SCHLESINGER.—"*Quod potui perfeci,*" which our friend Miller would translate, "We've done our possible," and addressed you a note.

THOS. P. BULL, Egmondville, C. W.—Thanks for your continued courtesies; items used. "Miron's Blank Diagrams" (a beautiful article) can be sent from this office for $1 per hundred. Of the others mentioned, there are none that we know of.

J. W., N. Y.—Problems thankfully received; they shall have early and our best attention. But why not confide to us your name and address? it would greatly enhance the interest of your contributions.

EGMONDVILLE vs. TORONTO.—The second game in the match between the Club of Egmondville and the Mechanics' Institute Club, of Toronto (of which we gave a position a short time since), has ended in a draw. This leaves the former club victor in the match, they having won the first game, given by us some time since. (No. 339.)

ST. CATHARINES vs. HAMILTON.—These Upper Canadian clubs have just finished their fourth game by telegraph, the result being:—St. C., two games; drawn, two. Below we give the fourth of the series. Players for St. C., Messrs. Tayler, McSloy, Groves, Hamilton, and Rev. T. D. Phillips; for H., Messrs. Boultbee, Wright, Judd, and Watts.

HERR KLING'S CRITIQUES

ON THE WORLD'S CONGRESS PRIZE PROBLEMS.

Curriculum. (*2d Prize Sett.*)

BY J. GRAHAM CAMPBELL, ESQ.

PROBLEM No. 1.—A most beautiful and original position; it is remarkable for the elegant disposition of the forces, and also for the comparatively small number of pieces employed. I have no hesitation in anticipating that the very best solvers will be as much puzzled as I have been during its examination; because it appeared to me, at the first glance, that the idea of the mate is simple enough. I clearly perceived that the P on K B 5th must of necessity be advanced, in order to effect the mate with the Kt on the vacated square; yet though I had the mate, so to say, within my grasp, I failed for a considerable time to discover the mode by which this idea should be carried out. When I at last succeeded in discovering the *modus operandi*, I could not but admire the originality of the idea. The first two moves, *viz.*—Kt to K B 6th, and R to Q 6th (threatening mate in two), constitute a most masterly introduction, cleverly employed for the important purpose of forcing Black's Kt on K 5 to take Kt on B 6th, to save the mate; and again, by R to Q 7 (ch), the Kt is compelled to take R, and the Black K is now prevented from moving, and White is thus enabled to make the *coup de repos*, and effect the mate.

No. 2.—A very complicated and difficult position, and the two *coup de repos* with Bishop, manifest, in the highest degree, the imagination and genius so peculiar in this gifted author of problems.

No. 3.—This I consider a problem of very great merit; its construction, originality, brilliancy, and genius, are the prominent features which the author has brought to bear in a pre-eminent and successful manner. The two moves with Q and B are so ably employed, and in fact the position is so superior and unique, that the committee could not but award to it the prize.

No. 4.—A very excellent problem, extremely difficult in its solution; the sacrifice of the Queen, with the preparatory move of R to B 4th, are conceptions of very high merit. I must, at the same time, not omit to observe that the idea has already, in former and analagous positions, been used by other composers. However, great credit is due to Mr. Campbell for the very ingenious way in which he succeeded in rendering it novel, by combining with the old idea the new one, *viz.*: the proffered sacrifice of the Rook.

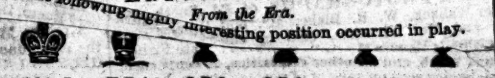
No. 5.—An excellent idea, the novelty of which consists in B to K Kt 7th, and thus exposing White's K to a (ch). The succeeding move is equal in ingenuity—in fact, the position is as admirable as it is perfect.

No. 6.—This position, though perhaps not quite so complicated as some of the others in this series, is yet one which excites admiration. It has been a source of regret to me that a problem which I should have readily declared as the gem of the whole contributions sent in, should be marred by a second solution. I may be permitted to throw out a suggestion that Mr. Campbell should send in to the Committee an amended version of this position. It would then find a place in the Book of the Congress, and be handed down to posterity as a masterpiece of strategy.

ENIGMA No. 363.

From the Era.

The following highly interesting position occurred in play.



at his 5, K B 4, Q R 3, Q B 3, Q 4, K B 6th,

SIR JOHN TRELAWNY, M. P.

at K R 2, Q 6, Q R 5, Q B 3, Q 4, K B 4th.

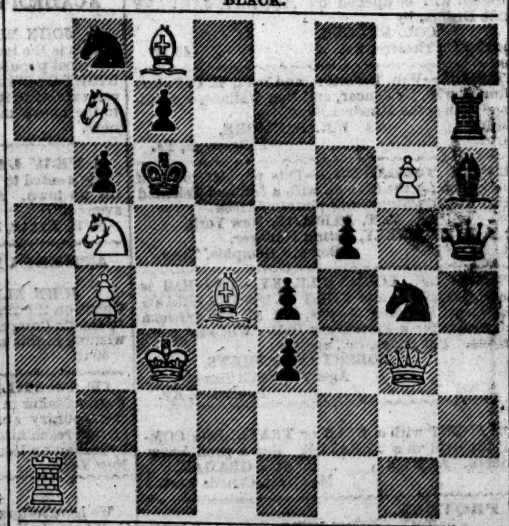
Black to play and win the *partie*.

PROBLEM No. 363.

From the Era.

Prize Problem, *Curriculum*, by J. G. Campbell.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in four moves.

GAME No. 363.

Fourth game by telegraph between the Clubs of St. Catharines and Hamilton, C. W.

SCOTCH GAMBIT.

Attack, St. Catharines.	Defence, Hamilton.	Attack, St. Catharines.	Defence, Hamilton.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	20..Q to her 2	Q to her B 4 +
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	21..Q Kt-Q 4	B P × P
3..P-Q 4	K P × P	22. Q R × P	Q R-K sq
4..K Kt × P	K B-B 4	23. Q R-Kt 5	K R-B 4
5..Q B-K 3	Q-K B 3	24..Q R-Kt 3	P-Q R 4
6..P-Q B 3	K Kt-K 2	25..Q-K B 2	K R-B 3
7..K B-Kt 5	P-Q R 3	26..Q R × P +	K × Q R
8..K B × Kt	K Kt × B	27..Kt-B 5 +	Q B × Kt
9..Castles	Castles	28. Q × Q	Q B-Q 6
10..P-K B 4	P-Q 3	29..K R-Q sq	Q R-K 7
11..Q-her 3	Q B-Q 2	30..Q × Q P	R × Q Kt P
12..Q Kt-Q 2	Q-K 2	31..K R-K sq	K R-Kt 3
13..Q Kt-his 3	Kt × K Kt	32..P-K Kt 3	P-Q Kt 3
14..Q B × Kt	K B × B +	33..Q-her 7 +	Q-K B 2
15..Q Kt × B	P-Q B 4	34..K R-K 7	R-Kt 8 +
16..Kt-K B 3	P-Q B 5	35..K-his Kt 2	R-Kt 7 +
17..Q-her B 2	P-Q Kt 4	36..K-his B 3	Q B-K 7 +
18..Q R-K sq	P-Q 4	37..K-his 3, and Hamilton resigns.	
19..P-K 5	P-K B 3		

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. L. H., Baltimore.—Thanks for that New Year's Present. Allow us also to assert this—You are a perfect brick! (Original.) Should you (according to your wish) attend our funeral in 1963, we promise to "owe you one."

NEMO, Philadelphia.—We have not the book at present.

A LOOKER ON.—Our correspondent, "Nemo" requests us to publish "Betsy Baker," (from Drummond's third edition, this week. Will you please copy the "trunk" and forward in time for next week's CLIPPER? Another good game appears this week, eh? See remarks of "B."

B., Philadelphia.—We submit your questions to the parties mentioned, not having the "originals" before us at the present writing.

A PAIR OF QUERIES.

PHILADELPHIA, January 3, 1863.

ED. CLIP.—Will you please ask "Express" what would be the result of the substitution of 31 to 26 for 31 to 27, at the twenty-eighth move of Game No. 40, Vol. X?

Also, ask "Looker-on" if 24 to 19, instead of White's eighth move of 31 to 27, would not have won. Yours, &c., B.

CARD.

NEW YORK, January 3, 1863.

EDITOR CLIPPER: I see in the last issue of the CLIPPER a note from Express, stating the number of games played between Mr. Littlefield, Dr. Clute, and myself, and the final result. I did not wish to have anything of the kind published, but as it stands we may as well have it correct. The score of the games between Mr. Littlefield and myself is reported right, to the best of my recollection. The sitting alluded to between Dr. Clute and myself took place at the corner of Nassau and Fulton streets, (formerly Hoffman's,) in the presence of several Draught players, and footed up thus: Clute, 0; Luhrs, 0; drawn, 6. You see there is a little ambition among Checker players yet, and they will have "fair play." Yours, &c. C. A. LUHRS.

CARD.

NEW YORK, January 6, 1863.

MR. EDITOR; I made a mistake in giving the score played between Messrs. Clute and Luhrs, in my card of Dec. 23d ult. The games played were "experimental games," and were given to me by a spectator as *bona fide* games. They have had but one sitting to test their skill, and the score on that occasion stands thus:—Clute, 0; Luhrs, 0; drawn, 6. Any one desiring to play, would do well to call on Mr. Luhrs, at 78 Pike street, and they will find him a ready and strong player. Yours, EXPRESS.

GAME No. 41—VOL. X.

Fifth game in the match between the two Dons.

Communicated by "A Looker-on."

SINGLE CORNER.

Black, Mr. B.	White, Mr. A.	Black, Mr. B.	White, Mr. A.
1..11 to 15	22 to 18	13..11 to 15	24 to 20
2..15 22	26 18	14..15 24	28 19
3..12 16	23 19(a)	15.. 8 11	22 18
4..16 23	26 19	16.. 6 9	32 28
5..10 14	27 23	17.. 3 8	19 16
6.. 7 10	29 25	18.. 8 12	16 7
7.. 8 11	25 22	19.. 2 11	30 25(b)
8.. 4 8	31 26	20..11 16(c)	20 11
9.. 9 13	18 9	21..10 15	25 22
10.. 5 14	22 18	22..15 19	28 16
11.. 1 5	18 9	23..14 23	11 7
12.. 5 14	26 22	24..12 19 and draws.	

Notes, by "A Looker On."

(a) Initiates an exploring expedition.
(b) Favors his opponent with a stolen wink.
(c) Rather surprises B, who hadn't looked at the thing in that way.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 40—Vol. X.

COMMUNICATED BY EXPRESS.

White.		Black.
1..20	to 16	12 to 19
2..15	11	7 16
3..24	15	18 23
4..14	10	19 27
5..10	1, and draws.	

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 104th POSITION.

White.		Black.
1..30	25	29 22
2..14	10	5 14
3.. 6	1, and wins.	

MATCH GAME.

BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND ACCEPTANCE.

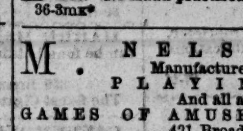
Black—G. M. B.		White—Acceptance.	
4.. 4	8	24	20
5..19	16	25	22
6..10	15		

POSITION No. 41—Vol. X. THE 105th POSITION OF STURGES.

Our New Year's Present.

BY A. L. H.

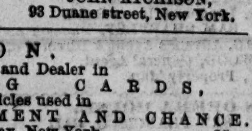
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

TO FANCIERS OF THE GAME FOWL AND POULTRY BREEDERS GENERALLY.

I have on hand and for sale, a very fine lot of Stags and Pullets (bred from my Imported Game Fowls) that were hatched in March. The Stags are all dubbed and in good heart, and as the Pullets are about commencing to lay, it would be desirable for purchasers to make early application. Some of the Stags are six and a half pounds already, and would make a most capital cross where size is desired. JNO. R. ASHFORD,
39-8t 607 Callowhill street, Philadelphia.

GAME FOWL.—The undersigned offers for sale his entire stock of GAME FOWLS, comprising selections from the best stock in America, and carefully bred by himself. All Fowls sold by me, I warrant Dead Game. Reference given if required. Address PETER BRANSON,
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